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THE ROCK OF CULLAMORE.

I.

"My name it is Tom Doyle,
I'm chief boatman on this station,
Well known throughout the nation, and round
green Erin's shore.
Between this ancient highland
And Dalkey's royal island,
I've pulled the best of quality for fifty years
and more.
I've rowed the great Vice-regals,
Right reverends and legals,
Mitres, coronets, and eagles, and monarchs by
the score;
And all the great court ladies,
Not one of them afraid is
To trip into Tom's wherry at the Rock of
Cullamore.

II.

Singers, dancers, and musicians,
Poets, painters, and physicians,
Wits, wizards, politicians, and philosophers
galore,
Play-actors and contractors
And mighty quare *cha-rac-ters* —
I've given them all a turn in the merry days of
yore.
I've pulled old Paganini,
Lablache and Tamburini,
Lovely Grisi and Rubini, and poor Malabran
asthore,
Titiens, Patti, and Alboni,
And Madame Taglioni,
Who danced an Irish jig upon the Rock of
Cullamore.

III.

I had Gladstone and Disraeli,
Bernal Osborne and Whalley,
Russell, Derby, Bright, and really I could
name a hundred more
Of hostile rhetoricians
And party politicians
Who fight on fierce conditions on the House of
Commons floor,
Lord Gough and Sir John Ennis,
And Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness
Who laid out on St. Patrick's a mint of golden
store,
And all the British Peerage
I've had them in my steerage
And rowed them gaily over from the Rock of
Cullamore.

IV.

The noble Prince of Wales, sir,
And Prince Alfred knew Tom's hail, sir,
When I pulled out to the mail, sir, and hoisted
up my oar

Displaying Erin's banners :
To reward my genteel manners
They threw out each a sovereign to Dalkey's
Commodore.
I've ferried our princesses
In their golden crowns and dresses ;
But Tom's poor heart confesses, it feels no
little sore,
That they should so despise us,
Or so very meanly prize us,
As not to build a palace near the Rock of
Cullamore.

V.

Each time the Queen came over
From London or from Dover
With her own dear royal lover who's now,
alas ! no more,
No boatman dare come near 'em
'Twas Tom's privilege to stoer 'em,
Likewise to bless and cheer 'em, and put them
safe ashore ;
As sure as here I stand,
'Twas I kissed King George's hand
When he left Dunleary's strand amid the can-
non's roar.
And when next she comes in glory,
I'll shout for Queen Victoria
A hundred thousand welcomes from the Rock
of Cullamore.
— *Temple Bar.*

"BISHOP COLENSO. — It has been decided by the
Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge
'that in the Society's Almanack for 1868 no mention
be made of the diocese of Natal.'"

Let us, therefore, sing as follows : —

Oh ! no they never mention it ;
Ignored the place must be.
Their books are now forbid to name
That once Colonial See.
From Guide, and List, and Almanack
'Tis banished by their set,
And when they force a smile from us,
They fancy we forget.

They tell us it is nothing now,
Tabooed by DR. GRAY.
But ah ! they could not disendow
COLENSO of his pay.
The Bishop holds his own, and he
Is like to hold it yet :
And though they never name his See,
We never shall forget.

— *Punch.*

From the Quarterly Review.

Historical Characters. By the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G. C. B. 2 vols. 8vo. 1867.

BACON, as we are aptly reminded by the author of the work before us, claims as the attribute of men of science and letters that when they do give themselves up to public affairs "they carry thereunto a spirit more lofty and comprehensive than that which animates the mere politician." They also bring back therefrom a spirit more practical, with an experience more varied and enlarged, than commonly appertain to the mere man of letters—a spirit and an experience of inestimable worth when they treat of public affairs. Clarendon, Sully, and de Retz are obvious examples. Gibbon, speaking of his service with the Hampshire militia, says, "The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire." And in another place of the autobiography: "The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian." Montaigne lays down that no one should write history who has not served the state in some civil or military capacity. Be this as it may, it is certainly a recommendation of no mean order to an author who undertakes a series of biographical studies on orators and statesmen, that he has himself sat in senates and been practically conversant with important transactions of diplomacy.

Sir Henry Bulwer has this recommendation. He was during many years a member of the House of Commons, and two or three of his later speeches, especially one on Spanish affairs, in 1836, gave high promise of his parliamentary career had he persevered in it. He vacated his seat for Marylebone on being appointed Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople in 1837; having already served a respectable apprenticeship to diplomacy in Berlin, Vienna, the Low Countries, and Brussels. He was transferred to Paris in 1839, and, the ambassador being absent, was acting minister in 1840, when the Egyptian complications were in their most entangled state. He was also acting minister at critical periods in 1841 and 1842. In 1843 Lord Aberdeen, who had been favourably impressed by his despatches and reports, appointed him British

minister in Spain; and he was there when the notorious Spanish marriages were brought about by French intrigue, which might have been counteracted had his advice been followed and his information acted on. We afterwards find him in the United States, concluding the "Bulwer and Clayton Treaty;" then minister at Florence; then, after a short retirement, on a special mission to the Principalities; and, to crown all, ambassador at Constantinople from 1858 to 1865, where he carried out with signal ability the Palmerstonian policy of preserving the Turkish empire unimpaired. In the course of a debate (April 6th, 1863) in the House of Commons on the relative fitness of our diplomatic agents and representatives, Lord Palmerston instanced the Earl of Clarendon and Sir H. Bulwer as two who had attained distinction and success without having been regularly educated for diplomacy.

During two-thirds of his life, therefore, Sir Henry Bulwer has been going through the best sort of training for the class of composition which he has judiciously chosen, and the work before us is especially distinguished by the qualities which we should have anticipated from his career: sagacity, penetration, broad and liberal views of men and measures, keen analysis of motive, and perfect familiarity with the manner in which the springs of human action are brought into play by those who control or modify the current of events at momentous epochs. He has been in personal communication with many actors in the scenes he describes; his memory is richly stored with materials for illustration; he has appropriate images at command; and his style—clear, copious, and free—is essentially a good style, although the sentences are sometimes wanting in compactness, and a word or phrase may occasionally betray a foreign origin. Scrope Davies, Lord Byron's friend, who had resided twenty years at Paris without learning French, was wont to allege as his reason an unwillingness to spoil his English, of which he was justifiably proud; and an Englishman who has lived long abroad, and been in the constant habit of speaking and writing a foreign language, will find considerable difficulty in preserving the idiomatic purity of his own.

Sir H. Bulwer's selection and classification of subjects are of a nature to provoke critical comment at starting. His historical characters are—Talleyrand, the Politic Man; Mackintosh, the Man of Promise; Cobbett, the Contentious Man; Canning,

the Brilliant Man; Peel, the Practical Man. They contrast sufficiently to place their several qualities in broad relief and produce the full attraction of variety. But is each a fair specimen of his class, and is each class correctly indicated or defined? To begin with Talleyrand, was he the best type of the "politic" man, and what is the precise meaning of the term? Unfortunately it has three or four meanings or senses, and would be insufficiently rendered by *politique*. It is used in the most favourable sense by Shakespeare in the passage:—

"This land was famously enriched
With politic grave counsel. Then the King
Had virtuous uncles."

There was nothing virtuous about Talleyrand, and the epithet "politic" would fit him better as applied by Pope:—

No less alike the politic and wise,
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes,
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take."

After giving Richelieu and William III. as types of the race in which superior intelligence, energy, and judgment are equally united—Charles XII. of Sweden and the first Napoleon of that in which the judgment is comparatively weak—Sir H. Bulwer proceeds:

"Thirdly, there are men in whom the judgment is stronger than either the energy, which is rather occasional than constant, or the intelligence which, though subtle and comprehensive, is not of the loftiest order. Shrewd and wary, these men rather take advantage of circumstances than make them. To turn an obstacle, to foresee an event, to seize an opportunity, is their peculiar talent. They are without passions, but their interest assumes the character of a passion. The success they attain in life is, for the most part, procured by efforts no greater than those of other candidates for public honours and renown, who with an appearance of equal talent vainly strive to be successful; but all their exertions are made at the most fitting moment, and in the happiest manner.

A nice tact is the essential and predominant quality of these "*politie*" persons. They think rarely of what is right in the abstract: they do usually what is best at the moment. They never play the greatest part amongst their contemporaries: they almost always play a great one; and, without arriving at those extraordinary positions to which a more adventurous race aspires, generally retain considerable importance, even during the most changeful circumstances, and most commonly preserve in retirement or disgrace much of the consideration they acquired in power."

So far so good, correctly conceived and felicitously expressed. But the English example which follows must be pronounced partially or imperfectly applicable:

"During the intriguing and agitated years which preceded the fall of the Stuarts there was seen in England a remarkable statesman of the character I have just been describing; and a comparison might not inappropriately be drawn between the plausible and trimming Halifax and the adroit and accomplished personage whose name is inscribed on these pages.

But although these two renowned advocates of expediency had many qualities in common—the amenity, the wit, the knowledge, the acuteness, which distinguished the one equally distinguishing the other—nevertheless the Englishman, although a more dexterous debater in public assemblies, had not in action the calm courage, nor in council the prompt decision, for which the Frenchman was remarkable; neither is his name stamped on the annals of his country in such indelible characters, nor connected with such great and marvellous events."

We suspect that Sir H. Bulwer has been caught by the epithet "trimmer;" for Halifax was not a politic man, and had nothing in common with Talleyrand beyond knowledge, intelligence, fine manners, and wit. He never took advantage of circumstances. He never turned an obstacle or seized an opportunity; and if he foresaw an event, he made no attempt to profit by it. When Henry Sidney sounded him on the eve of the Revolution of 1688, he declined having anything to do with the affair, and retired to his country house. His mind was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought:" it was pre-eminently one in which "enterprises of great pith and moment lose the name of action." Lord Macaulay, who has painted his portrait with the nicest discrimination, says that he was less successful in politics than many who enjoyed smaller advantages, because the intellectual peculiarities which make his writings valuable frequently impeded him in the contests of active life. "For he always saw passing events, not in the point of view in which they commonly appear to one who bears a part in them, but in the point of view in which, after the lapse of years, they appear to the philosophic historian. All the prejudices, all the exaggerations of both the great parties in the State, moved his scorn."

Halifax trimmed on principle, from settled repugnance to extremes or from fastidiousness, not from interested motives, and his ambition was the opposite of self-seeking: its objects were glory and admiration,

instead of wealth and personal aggrandizement, which were the lifelong aim of Talleyrand. At the same time it must be admitted that the Englishman was inferior to the Frenchman in the qualities by which great objects are achieved; and we agree with Sir H. Bulwer that the popular estimate of Talleyrand is erroneous and unfair. The absence of high principle or elevated motive does not imply tergiversation or dishonesty. A man who, changing with the times, combines what is best for his country with what is best for himself, if not quite a patriot, cannot be called a renegade; and if he does not abandon a cause till it is utterly hopeless, till he can confessedly do no good by adhering to it, he is not justly open to the reproach of treachery or insincerity. When we come to investigate the charges brought against Talleyrand, they will almost always be found to resolve themselves into charges forced upon him by the weakness or violence of the party which he left; his grand offence being that he did not share the fate he was unable to avert.

M. Pozzo di Borgo, speaking of him to Sir H. Bulwer, said, "Cet homme s'est fait grand en se rangeant toujours parmi les petits et en aidant ceux qui avaient le plus besoin de lui." This, although meant to depreciate, is really tantamount to allowing him an extraordinary amount of prescience and self-reliance; for, it being assumed that he joined "the little" from calculation, he must either have foreseen that they were about to become great, or have felt that he was able to make them so. That he joined those with whom he was likely to exercise most influence is true, and there can be no doubt that his birth, rank, and profession, gave him at once a position in the *tiers-état* which would not have been so readily conceded to him by the clergy or the *noblesse*. But if he turned against his order or his cloth, let it not be forgotten that he had been excluded from his birthright, and that he entered the priesthood against his will.

His family claim descent from the sovereign counts of Périgord, and the name of Talleyrand (from *tailleur les rangs*) was gained by the prowess of an ancestor. He was born in 1754, and was immediately put out to nurse in the country, where, either by chance or neglect, he met with a fall which occasioned lameness. So says Sir H. Bulwer, adopting the current version. But to quote the very words of our informant, an eminently distinguished diplomatist, "His Vienna colleague, Baron Wessenberg, told me years ago that the state of his calves was owing to the carelessness of his nurse,

who laid him down in a field whilst she flirted with her sweetheart, and on coming back to her charge found some pigs dining on the infant's legs. I am sure that Wessenberg told me this as an established fact, and I am all but sure that his authority was Talleyrand himself."

The resulting lameness was pronounced incurable, and in a *conseil de famille* it was decided that the younger brother, the Count d'Archambaud, afterwards Duc de Périgord, should be deemed the elder, and brought up a soldier, whilst the crippled elder should be deemed the younger, and devoted to the Church. This arrangement was carried out when he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, and thenceforward his entire character underwent a corresponding transformation. "The lively, idle, and reckless boy became taciturn, studious, and calculating. The youth, who might easily and carelessly have accepted a prosperous fate, was ushered into the world with a determination to wrestle with an adverse one." It was this determination, or the stirrings of a nascent ambition, that compensated for the want of parental care; for, transferred directly from the nursery to the school, and entering the Collège d'Harcourt more ignorant than any boy of his years, he gained the first prizes and became one of its most distinguished pupils. At the Séminaire de St.-Sulpice, to which he was removed in 1770, his talent for disputation was remarked, and some of his compositions were much admired. At the Sorbonne, where he completed his studies, continues the biographer, he was often pointed out as a remarkably clever, silent, and profligate young man; who made no secret that he disliked the profession chosen for him, but was certain to arrive at its highest honours. As that profession then imposed little or no self-denial or restraint, and its highest grades were invitingly thrown open to the high-born and well-connected, it was probably in a worldly point of view the best that could be chosen for one like him, who had no scruples of conscience to check his rise.

He entered the Gallican Church in 1773, and we are requested to picture to ourselves a M. de Périgord about twenty, very smart in his clerical attire, and with a countenance which, without being handsome, was singularly attractive from the triple expression of softness, impudence, and wit. He made no attempt to win his way by piety or learning, by preaching unctuous sermons, or publishing theological treatises. The noble road to preferment lay in another direction—through the minister's waiting-

room, the king's closet, or the boudoir of the favorite; and it was there he went to look for it. A gay party was assembled at Madame Dubarry's, and the gallants of the Court were emulously boasting of their success with the fair. Talleyrand hung down his head and said nothing. "And what makes you so sad and silent?" asked the hostess. "Alas! Madame, I was making a most melancholy reflection. It is that Paris is a city where it is easier to gain women than abbays." This reply was voted charming, and was repeated to the King, who rewarded it with the benefice at which it was aimed.

The next five years are left blank by his biographers, but the Abbé de Périgord must have employed them to good effect in improving his talents, his reputation, and his influence; for in 1780 we find him, as Agent-General of the French clergy, directing the administration of their revenues, and taking the lead in the management of their affairs. A curious incident of this period is stated on the high authority of M. Mignet: that the Abbé and Agent-General fitted out a privateer, in partnership with M. Choiseul Gouffier, to serve against the English, the cannon being supplied by the Government. In 1785, having to give an account of his administration, he did so in a manner to show his mastery of finance; and this dry and repulsive subject, as it would have been deemed at almost any other period, happened to be the one on which public attention was fixed. The deficit in the French exchequer, and the means of replenishing it, were the absorbing topics of the hour, and a man who really understood them was eagerly listened to and sought after in all classes. He speedily attracted the notice of M. de Calonne, the chief of the Government, who, himself a man of pleasure, was not likely to withhold his patronage on the ground of immorality. The Abbé de Périgord, however, had so recklessly exceeded even the large license allowed by the habits of his contemporaries, that, when the bishopric of Autun fell vacant in 1788, Louis XVI. demurred to the proposed bestowal of it on the churchman who had contributed more than any layman, except Richelieu or Lauzun, to the scandalous chronicles of Paris and Versailles. The King held out for four months, and his reluctance was with difficulty overcome at last by the Abbé's father, who was visited by his royal master on his death-bed, and prayed his Majesty, as the last request of an old and faithful servant, to grant the bishopric to his son. The Abbé de Péri-

gord was consecrated Bishop of Autun on the 17th of January, 1789, four months before the assembling of the States-General.

Some of the best parts of the work before us are those in which the author sketches or recapitulates the circumstances and conditions under which his personages are brought most prominently upon the scene. We know few things better in this line than his delineation of the manners, feelings, and opinions of the French metropolis during the ten years preceding the revolution; for which he apologises, although it needed no apology, on the ground that his hero was their child. "To the latest hour of his existence he fondly cherished their memory: to them he owed many of those graces which his friends still delight to recall: to them most of those faults which his enemies have so frequently portrayed." This was the period to which Burke alluded in his memorable maxim (of questionable soundness) that vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness. The reign of Louis Seize was a marked improvement on that of his predecessor. Power and patronage were no longer distributed by a profligate mistress, and the Parc aux Cerfs was broken up. The worst that can truly be said of the Queen's mode of amusing herself at *Le Petit Trianon* is that it transgressed the traditional decorum of the Court, and gave occasion for what are now all but demonstrated to have been unfounded suspicions of galantry. The refinement of manners was perfect; the tone of good company fascinating in the extreme. But all below the gay smiling surface was troubled, wavering, anxious, and unfixed; a mixture of doubt and confidence, credulity and scepticism, a wild craving for novelty, contending with superstitious reverence for the past—

"When wisdom's lights in fanes fantastic shone,
And taste had principles and virtue none;
When schools disdained the morals understood,
And sceptics boasted of some better good"

We agree with Sir H. Bulwer that, if Talleyrand was largely tainted with the immorality of his times, the great test of his understanding was that he totally escaped all their wilder delusions. On being named to represent his diocese in the States-General, he drew up an address to his constituents, in which he separates all the reforms which were practicable and expedient, from all the schemes which were visionary and dangerous.

One of his biographers says that he dressed like a coxcomb, thought like a

deist, and preached like a saint; but we are not aware that any specimen of his preaching has been preserved; for we must not confound with sermons the discourses he delivered for political purposes, on ceremonial occasions, in his episcopal capacity. In the States-General he took the earliest and happiest opportunity of merging the prelate in the citizen. In fact, he was nearly as active and efficient as Mirabeau and Sieyès in bringing about the ascendancy of the popular element in the States, and converting them into a national assembly with unlimited powers. The share he had in their measures during the first months of their supremacy—and perhaps never before or since did a body of legislators get through so much work in so short a time—marked him as the fittest person to justify them; and in February, 1790, a manifesto to the French nation, composed by him, was published and circulated through France. It was the subject of general praise, and committed him irretrievably to the course which he must have seen by this time was not exactly what he had wished or intended to pursue. He would naturally have preferred a state of things in which he might have looked for high office or lucrative preferment; and at one time he acted, or was disposed to act, with Mounier and Lally-Tollendal, although he did not, like them, withdraw from the scene when the cause of constitutional government was evidently hopeless. It is curious that the greatest shock to his popularity with the party of progress, as well as his crowning offence with the party of order, was his supporting a proposal (January 31, 1790) to confer the rights of citizenship upon a Jew.

When the civil constitution of the clergy was decreed, he at once took the required oath, which all his Episcopal brethren (with two exceptions) declined, and he ultimately consented to consecrate the new bishops elected to supply the place of those whom the Assembly had deprived of their dioceses. The archbishopric of Paris having been vacated, it was supposed that he had an eye to it; and whilst a portion of the press advocated his claim, another and a larger portion set to work to recapitulate his manifold disqualifications for even the preferment which he was permitted to retain. Sir H. Bulwer says that Talleyrand was, up to the last hour of his life, almost indifferent to praise, but exquisitely sensitive to censure; and he gave a proof of his sensitiveness by addressing a letter to the editors of a newspaper, in which, after de-

claring his intention to refuse the archbishopric if placed at his disposal, and professing entire disinterestedness, he says:

"Owing, I presume, to the false alarm caused by my supposed pretensions to the see of Paris, stories have been circulated of my having lately won in gambling-houses the sum of sixty or seventy thousand francs. Now that all fear of seeing me elevated to the dignity in question is at an end, I shall doubtless be believed in what I am about to say. The truth is, that in the course of two months I gained the sum of about thirty thousand francs, not at gambling-houses, but in private society, or at the chess club, which has always been regarded, from the nature of its institution, as a private house."

Thirty thousand francs (1200*l.*) in two months is pretty well for a bishop. This letter is dated September 9th, 1791, but on the 26th of the preceding April, the day after the consecration of the newly-elected Bishop of Finisterre, had arrived a Papal brief thus announced in the "*Moniteur*":

"Le bref du Pape est arrivé jeudi dernier. De Talleyrand-Périgord, ancien évêque d'Aulun, y est suspendu de toutes fonctions et excommunié après quarante jours s'il ne revient pas à résipiscence."

Talleyrand, we are told, had too much tact to think of continuing his clerical office under the interdiction of the head of his Church, and he was still less disposed to abandon his political career. He, therefore, at once flung up his profession, and adopted the plain designation of M. de Talleyrand. If this were so, we are at a loss to understand how, four months afterwards, he could take credit for refusing the archbishopric.

He co-operated with Mirabeau in the endeavour to save the monarchy: had a confidential interview with him the day before his death; received from his hands the manuscript of an elaborate discourse on the law of inheritance; and being already a member of the department of Paris, was immediately nominated to succeed him in the directorship of that department. Taking good care not to break with the republicans, Talleyrand laboured assiduously to obtain a monarchical constitution of some sort. When Louis Seize was voted impracticable, the Duc d'Orléans (*Egalité*) was seriously thought of to play the part which was played thirty-eight years afterwards by his son. He was to have been the citizen-king or chief-magistrate, and Talleyrand never would admit the truth of the charges brought against this *pis-aller* of a selec-

tion, saying, "*Le Duc d'Orléans est la vase dans laquelle on a jeté toutes les ordures de la Revolution.*"

At the beginning of 1792, Paris was growing dangerous, and Talleyrand felt that the wisest thing was to repair to England, "where he was sufficiently near not to be forgotten, and sufficiently distant not to be compromised." The revolting excesses of the Revolution were yet to come, and, although his name was in bad odour with a large class of English society, he was well-received on the whole, and is said to have become particularly intimate at Lansdowne House. The third Marquis, honourably known by his association with intellectual eminence and his munificent patronage of art, told Sir H. Bulwer that he remembered the ex-bishop dining there frequently and being particularly silent and particularly pale. His style of wit and manner of conversation, about this period, are described and illustrated by Dumont, and the description would serve equally well for him at any subsequent period:

"His manner was cold, he spoke little, his countenance, which in early youth had been distinguished for its grace and delicacy, had become somewhat puffed and rounded, and to a certain degree effeminate, being in singular contrast with a deep and serious voice, which no one expected to accompany such a physiognomy. Rather avoiding than making advances, neither indiscreet, nor gay, nor familiar, but sententious, formal, and scrutinizing, — the English hardly knew what to make of a Frenchman who so little represented the national character."

The accompanying specimens of his wit have been frequently reprinted, and are well known.

Seeing no immediate cause for apprehension, Talleyrand returned to Paris, and on the strength of the information which he brought, was attached to the mission of M. de Chauvelin in the capacity of counsellor. He arrived in London in his suite. The mission failed. Indeed negotiation was out of the question in the pending crisis of royalty in France. It went down with a crash on the tenth of August, just previously to which Talleyrand had returned to Paris, but was off to London again as soon as the provisional government was formed, having obtained a passport from Danton by a timely smile at a pleasantry. Such was his explanation of a suspicious fact, which was afterwards used to throw doubt upon his veracity; for on arriving in England he wrote to Lord Grenville to state

that he had absolutely no kind of mission, and came this time merely for safety and repose. On the supposition that he was more closely connected with the extreme party than he chose to avow, he received an order (January 28th, 1794), under the Alien Act, to quit England; and, after a vain appeal to the Foreign Secretary, he sailed for the United States, carrying letters of introduction from several members of the Whig Opposition, including one from Lord Lansdowne to Washington, who replies that, though considerations of a political nature were a check upon himself, "I hear that the general reception he has met with is such as to console him, as far as the state of our society will permit, for what he has abandoned in Europe."

It did not console him long, and, getting tired of America, he invested his remaining funds in the purchase of a ship, in which he was about to sail for the East Indies with M. de Beaumetz, an exile and ex-member of the National Assembly, when information reached him which induced him to alter his purpose. M. de Beaumetz set sail, and neither he nor the ship were ever heard of more.

During Talleyrand's absence from France an entire cycle of political experiments had been completed, and the lowest abysses of atrocity and absurdity had been reached. Religion had been represented by the goddess of Reason, justice by the revolutionary tribunal, foreign and domestic policy by the Committee of Public Safety. A demand of a hundred thousand heads had been received with acclamation, and the issue of milliards of assignats had been deemed a masterpiece of finance! The reaction was rapid and widespread. It embraced habits, manners, and dress, as well as doctrines of government. The refined and educated classes resumed their proper places: the *jeunesse dorée* of the *salon* replaced the unwashed and uncombed patriots of the club; and the prescriptive influence of women in Parisian politics was re-established under the auspices of Madame Tallien and Madame de Staël. If ever there was a man fitted for playing a part on such a stage it was Talleyrand. This was the general feeling; and prompted (it is said) by Madame de Staël, Chénier moved and carried a motion for his recall. During his absence he had been elected a member of the Institute, to which soon after his return he read two memoirs, one on the commercial relations between England and the United States, and one on Colonies. Three weeks after this display, he accepted the office of

Minister for Foreign Affairs under circumstances thus narrated by himself: "I had gone to dine at a friend's on the banks of the Seine, with Madame de Staël, Barras, and a small party which frequently met. A young friend of Barras, who was with us, went out to bathe before dinner, and was drowned. The director, tenderly attached to him, was in the greatest affliction. I consoled him (I was used to that sort of thing in early life), and accompanied him in his carriage back to Paris. The ministry of foreign affairs immediately after this became vacant; Barras knew I wanted it, and through his interest I procured it."

He got it because the Barras party wanted him, and he speedily justified their choice. It was by his advice that they disposed of their opponents by a *coup d'état*, but he was unable to bear up against the suspicions entertained of him personally by the genuine republicans; and, simultaneously attacked as a noble and an *émigré*, he resigned. No mention is made in this work of an incident which must have occurred during Talleyrand's brief tenure of office under the Directory, if it occurred at all. It is thus introduced in the "Antijacobin":—

"Where at the blood-stained board expert he plies,

The lame artificer of fraud and lies:

He with the mitred head and cloven heel,
Doom'd the coarse edge of Rewbell's jests to feel,

To stand the playful buffer, and to hear
The frequent inkstand whizzing past his ear;
While all the five Directors laugh to see
The limping priest so deft at his new ministry."

The story ran that Rewbell flung an inkstand at Talleyrand's head, exclaiming, "*Vil émigré tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que le pied.*" With his faculty of turning everything to account, he may have utilised this insult in his reply to the squinting man, who asked him how matters were going on at an embarrassing time, "*à travers, Monsieur — comme vous voyez.*"

After largely contributing to the overthrow of the Directory, Talleyrand helped to concentrate authority in the hands of the First Consul, under the full conviction that such a course was good for the country as well as for himself. Pursuing to its consequences his striking remark that the Revolution had disboned (*désose*) France, he argued, "what principles cannot do, a man must. When society cannot create a government, a government must create society."

He had moreover a malicious pleasure in counteracting the pet project of Sieyès, who wanted to turn the First Consul into a nonentity or (to use the Napoleonic term) *cochon à l'engrais*. On some one saying that, after all, Sieyès had "un esprit bien profond," he replied, "Profond! Hem! Vous voulez dire creux."

For the same reasons he approved and supported the Consulship for Life, the establishment of the Legion of Honour, and the Concordat. He took advantage of the renewal of friendly relations with the Pope to procure a brief, which we give as a curiosity in Sir H. Bulwer's translation:

"To our very dear son, Charles Maurice Talleyrand.

"We were touched with joy at learning your ardent desire to be reconciled with us and the Catholic Church: loosening then on your account the bowels of our fatherly charity, we discharge you by the plenitude of our power from the effect of all excommunications. We impose on you, as the consequence of your reconciliation with us and the Church, the distribution of alms, more especially for the poor of the church of Autun, which you formerly governed: we grant you, moreover, the liberty to wear the secular costume, and to administer all civil affairs, whether in the office you now fill, or in others to which your government may call you."

"This brief," it is stated, "in making M. de Talleyrand a layman, authorised him to take a wife, and he married an American lady — Mrs. Grant — with whom it was supposed he had been previously intimate, and who was as remarkable for being a beauty, as for not being a wit: the oft-told story of her asking Sir George Robinson after his man Friday, is a fact pretty well authenticated. But M. de Talleyrand vindicated his choice, saying, 'A clever wife often compromises her husband; a stupid one only compromises herself.'"

Dating from this period, his public life is well known, and we shall touch only on the strongly marked passages. Sir H. Bulwer has laboured successfully to acquit him of any culpable complicity in the execution of the Duc d'Enghien; in reference to which he uttered one of those cynical sentences which have grown into axioms: "*C'est pire qu'un crime, c'est une faute.*" It is, moreover, clear that he never hesitated to check the imprudence or violence of Napoleon, and eventually incurred suspicion and dislike because he persevered in pointing out the inevitable consequences of the inordinate ambition of his imperial master. On

Savary's remarking, after the battle of Friedland, "If peace is not signed in a fortnight, Napoleon will cross the Niemen" — "*Et à quoi bon passer le Niemen?*" replied Talleyrand.

As Minister of Foreign Affairs he was dragged along in the train of the conqueror; and partly from fatigue, partly from disgust at seeing the inefficiency of his counsels to avert a catastrophe, he about this time (1807) solicited and obtained permission to retire. Already Prince of Benevento, and immensely rich, he was still highly gratified at being made Vice-Grand Elector, and thereby raised to the rank of one of the great dignitaries of the empire. But, though frequently consulted, his position within a year after his retirement was becoming critical. Napoleon began to hate him. His imperturbability was even more irritating than his witticisms, which were sure to be repeated; and he fell into unequivocal disgrace. Fouché was dismissed next; and thus the two men who had done most in their several ways to build up the Empire, and could do most to undermine it, were simultaneously compelled to regard its anticipated downfall with indifference or complacency.

In 1813, when the Russian campaign had fully justified their remonstrances, the Emperor made Talleyrand an offer of his former office, the ministry of foreign affairs, conditioned on his laying down the rank and emoluments of Vice-Grand Elector; which he refused to do, saying, "If the Emperor trusts me, he should not degrade me; and if he does not trust me, he should not employ me." The Emperor, who wished to make him dependent on his office, was extremely irritated; and although he refrained from acts, he was not sparing of angry words and menaces:

"A variety of scenes was the consequence. Savary relates one which happened in his presence and that of the arch-chancellor. I have also read of one in which Napoleon, having said that if he thought his own death likely he would take care that the vice-grand elector should not survive him, was answered by M. de Talleyrand rejoining quietly and respectfully that he did not require that reason for desiring that his Majesty's life might be long preserved. M. Mole recounted to me another, in the following terms:—'At the end of the council of state which took place just before the Emperor started for the campaign of 1814, he burst out into some violent exclamations of his being surrounded by treachery and traitors; and then turning to M. de Talleyrand, abused him for ten minutes in the most violent and outrageous manner. Talleyrand was standing

by the fire all this time, guarding himself from the heat of the flame by his hat; he never moved a limb or a feature; any one who had seen him would have supposed that he was the last man in the room to whom the Emperor could be speaking; and finally, when Napoleon, slamming the door violently, departed, Talleyrand quietly took the arm of M. Mollien, and limped with apparent unconsciousness down-stairs."

M. Thiers places this scene, or one strongly resembling it, in 1809, and makes Napoleon accuse Talleyrand of the murder of the Duc D'Enghien; but we agree with Sir H. Bulwer that M. Mole's version is the more probable; for there was no ground for accusing Talleyrand of treachery in 1809. In 1814 he had doubtless begun to provide against the pending downfall of the imperial dynasty:

"When the conferences took place at Chatillon, he told those whom the Emperor most trusted that he would be lost if he did not take peace on any terms; when, however, towards the end of these conferences, peace seemed impossible with Napoleon, he permitted the Duc d'Alberg to send M. de Vitrolles to the allied camp, with the information that if the allies did not make war against France, but simply with its present ruler, they would find friends in Paris ready to help them. M. de Vitrolles carried a slip of paper from the Duke in his boot as his credentials, and was allowed to name M. de Talleyrand; but had nothing from that personage himself which could compromise him irrevocably with this mission."

M. de Vitrolles positively refused to carry anything that could compromise him, even the smallest slip of paper; and his credentials consisted of a password intelligible only to the Duc d'Alberg and Comte de Stadion. The story is told as follows by M. Louis Blanc in the Introduction to his "History of Ten Years":—

"The Duc d'Alberg had been intimately acquainted at Munich with the Comte de Stadion, representative of Austria at the Congress. Now, at Munich, these two personages had formed tender relations with two girls, whose names the Duc d'Alberg remembered. He wrote these names on a card, which served for letters of credence to the adventurous ambassador. The Baron de Vitrolles started without having seen M. de Talleyrand, without having received any mission from him, without having been able to obtain his avowal. He disguised himself, took at Auxerre the name of Saint Vincent, and got recognised by the Comte de Stadion by means of two names, recollections of schooldays and love. Such is the manner in which it pleases God to dispose of the destinies of nations."

As the story was related to us by Buchon (editor of the "Chroniques"), who had it from the Duc d'Alberg, the password alluded to a very curious, and not very delicate, affair of gallantry of Comte de Stadion with a great lady. The communication determined the march of the Allies (who were hesitating) on Paris, and thus may be correctly described as disposing of the destinies of nations.

Just when most desirous to remain in Paris, Talleyrand was ordered by Napoleon to join the regency at Blois; and openly to disobey would be to incur both risk and censure; for the game was still on foot, and desertion would sound bad in any case:—

"The expedient he adopted was a singular and characteristic one. His state carriage was ordered and packed for the journey: he set out in it with great pomp and ceremony, and found, according to an arrangement with Madame de Rénusat, her husband, at the head of a body of the National Guard, at the barrier, who stopped him, declared he should remain in the capital, and conducted him back to his hotel, in the Rue St. Florentin, in which he had soon the honour of receiving the Emperor Alexander."

His conduct at this conjuncture was prudent and patriotic. As he justly remarked "it does not suit every one to be crushed under the ruins of the edifice that is to be overthrown." It did not suit him; and after the treatment he had received, and the systematic neglect of his counsels, we are aware of no principle of honour or loyalty that bound him to Napoleon.

It was fortunate for the Bourbons, indeed for all parties, that he had the ear of the Emperor Alexander, to whom, hesitating between various plans of succession, he said: "Sire, you may depend upon it there are but two things possible, Bonaparte or Louis XVIII. I say Bonaparte; but here the choice will not depend wholly on your Majesty, for you are not alone. If we are to have a soldier, however, let it be Napoleon; he is the first in the world. I repeat it, sire: Bonaparte or Louis XVIII.; each represents a party, any other merely an intrigue."

Alexander declared subsequently: "When I arrived in Paris, I had no plan. I referred everything to Talleyrand; he had the family of Napoleon on one hand, and that of the Bourbons in the other; I took what he gave me."

All Talleyrand had done for the restored dynasty failed to conciliate their favour: the *émigré* feeling against the ex-bishop was

too strong; and Louis XVIII. was jealous of him on account of his intellectual distinction, his grand manner, and his wit. At their first meeting, at Compiègne, the King, becoming complimentary against the grain, asked him how he had contrived to overthrow first, the Directory, and finally, Bonaparte: "*Mon Dieu, Sire, je n'ai rien fait pour cela; c'est quelque chose d'expliquable que j'ai en moi et qui porte malheur aux gouvernements qui me négligent.*"

His conduct during the Hundred Days aggravated the royal dislike, but, after Waterloo, he was indispensable at the head of affairs till they settled down, and he saved France from more than one humiliation by his adroitness or influence with the Allies. On hearing that Blücher was preparing to blow up the Bridge of Jena, he desired Comte Beugnot to go to the Marshal, and represent the King's distress in the strongest language. "Do you wish me to say that the King is about to have himself carried bodily on the bridge, to be blown up along with it, if the Marshal persists?" "Not precisely; people do not believe us made for such an act of heroism; but something good and strong, you understand, something very strong." When Beugnot reached the Prussian headquarters, Blücher was at his favourite place of resort, a gambling-house (No. 113, in the Palais Royal): the chief of his staff showed considerable reluctance in sending for him, and he arrived very much out of temper at the unseasonable interruption. After a sharp colloquy, he consented to withdraw the order for the destruction of the bridge provided the name were changed. When all was satisfactorily arranged, Beugnot hurried back to Talleyrand, who said: "Since things have gone off in this manner, something might be made out of your idea of this morning—that the King threatened to have himself placed on the bridge to be blown up along with it: there is in it matter for a good newspaper article. See to it." "I did see to it," continued Beugnot, "the article appeared the next day but one; Louis XVIII. must have been startled at such a burst on his part, but eventually he accepted the reputation of it with a good grace. I have heard him complimented on this admirable trait of courage, and he responded with perfect self-possession."

This account is taken from the *Mémoires du Comte Beugnot*, published by his grandson in 1866; and we are indebted to the same valuable work for the true history of the *mot* put into the mouth of the Comte d'Artois in 1814 and given by Lord

Brougham to Talleyrand: "Rien n'y est changé, si ce n'est qu'il s'y trouve un Français de plus."

Talleyrand remained Premier only a few months. Finding the post untenable, he resigned on the alleged ground that he could not sign the projected treaty with the Allies, and received a pension of one hundred thousand francs, with the place of Grand-Chamberlain, "the functions of which, the ex-minister, who might be seen coolly and impassively standing behind the King's chair on all state occasions, notwithstanding the cold looks of the sovereign and the sagacious sneers of his courtiers, always scrupulously fulfilled."

During the next fifteen years he took no ostensible part in public affairs, with two exceptions. He attended the House of Peers to protest against the Spanish war of 1823, and he reappeared on the same arena to defend the liberty of the press. The revolution of July brought him forward again. On the third day (July 29), he called his private Secretary:

"Go for me to Neuilly; get by some means or other to Madame Adelaide [the sister of Louis Philippe]; give her this piece of paper, and when she has read it, either see it burnt, or bring it back to me.' The piece of paper contained merely these words: 'Madame peut avoir toute confiance dans le porteur, qui est mon secrétaire.' When Madame has read this, you will tell her that there is not a moment to lose. The Duc d'Orléans must be here tomorrow; he must take no other title than that of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, which has been accorded to him — *le reste viendra*.'"

All was done as he advised, and all fell out as he anticipated. His well-timed hints were rewarded by the embassy to London, where, we are assured, he not only sustained his past reputation, but added very considerably to it. We are not quite so sure of this; and although Lord Palmerston (as Sir H. Bulwer states) may have praised his manner in diplomatic conferences for its absence of pretension, Lord Palmerston formed by no means a high estimate of him, so far as personal observation in official intercourse went. On one occasion, when the settlement of the new kingdom of Belgium was under discussion, he pressed a point which was conceded to him, and the conference broke up. Two or three hours afterwards he returned to the Foreign Office to entreat that the point might be reversed, as he had mistaken the instructions of his Government, which, it afterwards turned out, he had. His niece, the

Duchesse de Dino, had pointed out their true tenour, and he ultimately gained great credit by her sagacity.

When Napoleon asked him how he managed to gain his immense wealth, he replied with more wit than truth, "I bought stock the day before the 18th Brumaire, and sold it the day afterwards." He received large sums in the shape of presents during his tenure of the portfolio of foreign affairs under Napoleon, when a word in season might dispose of a province or a principality; and he made an adroit use of his many opportunities for advantageous speculations throughout his whole life. Generally, when he called in Downing Street, Montroud, or some other confidential agent, accompanied him, and remained in the carriage whilst he had his audience. If anything was told him that could be turned to account, he would write a word or two with a pencil, to be delivered to the friend below, who immediately hurried off to the city. One of these scraps was found to contain a single word, "*vendez*."

During Lord Talleyrand's last embassy, complaint was made to the Foreign Secretary (Lord Palmerston) that between thirty and forty hogsheads of claret, far more than the French embassy could consume, were annually imported for their use duty free. Lord Palmerston mentioned the matter to Talleyrand, who, after time taken for inquiry, explained that the admitted abuse of the privilege had been traced to his *maître d'hôtel*. There were circumstances justifying a suspicion that the *maître d'hôtel* and the ambassador went shares.

He was the most imperturbable and impassive of human beings. It was said that, if he received a *coup de pied par derrière*, no sign of the occurrence would be discernible in his face. Once at a London dinner, to which he went reluctantly to please Lady Holland, the sauceboat full of lobster sauce was upset on the centre of his head, exactly where the long carefully-combed white locks were parted. He never moved a muscle whilst a servant scooped up the lobster sauce with a spoon, and then wiped his head with a napkin; only, as he left the house, he dryly remarked, "*Il n'y a rien si bourgeois que cette maison B*—."

Subsequently to the Restoration, an officer who had been injured or affronted by him, encountered him on some ceremonial occasion, and gave him so violent a slap in the face (*soufflet*) that he staggered and fell. Rising with difficulty, and half stunned by the blow, he exclaimed, "Quel terrible *coup de poing*!" It will be remembered

that a *soufflet* is a dishonouring insult, a *coup de poing* a mere act of brutality.

On ne prête qu'aux riches, and the number of good things attributed to Talleyrand which he did not say, ought not to deduct from his well-earned reputation as a wit, which of late years it has been the fashion to depreciate. M. Edouard Fournier (in his "*L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*") has done his best to damage it by publishing that, on a letter of Talleyrand, dated London, Sept. 17th, 1831, there is a curious note in the hand-writing of his brother, to the effect that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was "*L'Improvisateur Français*," a collection of anecdotes and jests, in twenty-one volumes. Sir H. Bulwer has collected a few of his *bons mots*, which have all the marks of authenticity and originality:—

"M. de Chateaubriand was no favourite with M. de Talleyrand. He condemned him as an affected writer, and an impossible politician. When the '*Martyrs*' first appeared, and was run after by the public with an appetite that the booksellers could not satisfy, M. de Fontanes, after speaking of it with an exaggerated eulogium, finished his explanation of the narrative by saying that Eudore and Cymodocée were thrown into the circus and devoured '*par les bêtes*.' '*Comme l'ouvrage*,' said M. de Talleyrand.

Some person saying that Fouché had a great contempt for mankind, '*C'est vrai*,' said M. de Talleyrand, '*cet homme s'est beaucoup étudié*.'

A lady, using the privilege of her sex, was speaking with violence of the defection of the Duc de Raguse. '*Mon Dieu, Madame, tout cela ne prouve qu'une chose. C'est que sa montre avançait et tout le monde était à l'heure*.'

A strong supporter of the Chamber of Peers, when there was much question as to its merits, said, '*At least you there find consciences*.' '*Ah oui*,' said M. de Talleyrand, '*beaucoup, beaucoup de consciences. Semonville, par exemple, en a au moins deux*.'

Louis XVIII., speaking of M. de Blacas before M. de Talleyrand had expressed any opinion concerning him, said, '*Ce pauvre Blacas, il aime la France, il m'aime, mais on dit qu'il est suffisant*.' '*Ah, oui, Sire, suffisant et insuffisant*.'

Some more of the best *bons-mots* attributed to him will be found in Lord Brougham's "*Historical Sketches*." The history of one of them is curious. "*Ah, je sens les tourmens d'enfer*," said a person whose life had been somewhat of the loosest. "*Déjà?*" was the inquiry suggested to Talleyrand. This is Lord Brougham's version. M. Louis Blanc relates, on ecclesiastical authority,

that the King of the French, standing by the deathbed of Talleyrand, asked him if he suffered: that he replied, "*Oui, comme un damné*;" that the King uttered in a low tone "*Déjà?*" and that the dying man, having overheard the sarcasm, revenged himself by "secret and formidable indications" to a bystander. This very *mot* had long before been converted into an epigram by Lebrun, and is assigned to Bouvard, the physician of De Retz, by M. de Lévis. It is still a disputed point whether Talleyrand said of Montrond, or Montrond of Talleyrand: "*Qui ne l'aimeroit pas? Il est si vicieux*."

We regret that we cannot find room for the concluding summary of his career and character. The pith of the apologetic portion is contained in a paragraph:—

"To one distinguished person, M. Montalivet, who related to me the fact, he once said: '*You have a prejudice against me, because your father was an Imperialist, and you think I deserted the Emperor. I have never kept fealty to any one longer than he has himself been obedient to common sense. But if you judge all my actions by this rule, you will find that I have been eminently consistent; and where is there so degraded a human being, or so bad a citizen, as to submit his intelligence, or sacrifice his country, to any individual, however born, or however endowed?*'"

What another French friend has packed up in two lines might be diluted into pages for those who prefer expanded to concentrated thought: "*Après tout, Monsieur de Talleyrand était un homme fort aimable, mais sans cœur; et un bien grand citoyen, mais sans vertu*."

Amongst these "*Historical Characters*," Talleyrand, if not the central, is the colossal, figure of the group: he occupies nearly the whole of a volume, and we learn a good deal concerning him which will be new to most English readers and to many French. Sir H. Bulwer's other representative men being comparatively well known, he has judiciously restricted his narrative to a rapid recapitulation of the leading events of their lives: and the interest is sustained by the boldness, fulness, and vividness with which his theories of their respective characters are struck out.

These theories must be accepted with caution; for the foundations are not uniformly sound, and in one instance, we think, a false measure has been taken, an erroneous criterion has been applied. Let us see how far the foregone conclusion, implied in calling Mackintosh "*The Man of Promise*,"

can be justified. To our mind, the opening paragraphs are nearly decisive on the point :

" I still remember, as one of the memorable instances which happened to me in early years, being invited to dinner to meet Sir James Mackintosh, and the sort of respectful admiration with which the name was announced. I still also remember my anxiety to learn what had rendered this well-known person so distinguished, and the unsatisfactory replies which my questions met with. He was a writer, but many had written better; he was a speaker, but many had spoken better: he was a philosopher, but many had done far more for philosophy; and yet, though it was difficult to fix on any one thing in which he was first-rate, it was generally maintained that he was a first-rate man."

We pause here. Mackintosh (born in 1765) must have been past sixty when this meeting occurred; his name is still announced with respectful admiration, and he is still generally admitted to be a first-rate man. Is he the only—or anything like the only—first-rate man, of whom it might be said that he was a writer, but many had written better; that he was a speaker, but many had spoken better; that he was a philosopher, but many had done far more for philosophy? The author proceeds:—

" There is, indeed, a class amongst mankind, a body numerous in all literary societies, who are far less valued for any precise thing they have done than according to a vague notion of what they are capable of doing. Mackintosh may be taken as a type of this class; not that he passed his life in the learned inactivity which we find common amongst the members of our own universities, those learned foreigners, the souls of a circle to which strangers rarely penetrate, in the small German and Italian cities.

" The member of a great and stirring community, adopting, from choice, an active career as a lawyer, an author, a member of Parliament, he was distinguished; but he did nothing in law, in letters, or politics, equal to the expectations of those who lived in his society, and were acquainted with his mind and his acquirements.

" If I were to sum up in a few words the characteristics of the persons who thus promise more than they ever perform, I should say that their intelligence is superior to their talent, and their energy rather accidental than continuous."

When some one was expressing satisfaction at his own performance in Dr. Johnson's company, the sage remarked, " That, Sir, proves not that your execution is

good, but that your conception is petty." The reverse was the case with Mackintosh. The superiority of his intelligence to his talent proves not that the talent was moderate, but that the intelligence was immense. That he did nothing in law, letters, or politics equal to the expectations of those who lived in his society, simply indicates the height to which those expectations had been raised, and at which they were steadily maintained despite of his alleged failures. Sir H. Bulwer, with all his discrimination and sagacity, has here confounded two distinct classes or types. There are men of promise who, by the display of cleverness at school or college, raise hopes that they will achieve great things in after life, actually fancy that they shall, and never rise above mediocrity. But who talks of them as first-rate men, or announces their names with respectful admiration, when they are past sixty? There is breadth and depth in Hazlitt's axiom: " We judge men, not by what they do, but by what they are." And we arrive at what they are intellectually by their conversation, conduct, bearing, tone, manner—by their unpremeditated writings and speeches, by the thousand signs and tokens through which mind can be recognised or made known, not solely or mainly by their set works or masterpieces. How would Johnson stand with posterity without Boswell? On what do we base our admiration of Sydney Smith? Or how did Voltaire become the master-mind of continental Europe, during the better part of a century, except by his universality? If Lord Macaulay had died at forty-eight, before the publication of his History, he would have been open to the same imputation as Mackintosh; and it may be doubted whether his history has added, or could add, to the brilliancy of a reputation which had already reached its acme.

When the " New Bath Guide " was at the height of its popularity, Bishop Warburton said to Anstey, " Young man, you have made a good hit, never put pen to paper again." Mackintosh, this mere man of promise, attained three or four times over the position at which the veteran man of letters thought it advisable to stop. Speaking of the " *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," published in 1791, Sir H. Bulwer says:—

" This celebrated pamphlet [an octavo of 350 pages], whether we consider the circumstances under which it appeared, the opponent which it combated, or the ability of the composition itself, merited all the attention it received, and was the more successful because it gave just the

answer to Burke which Burke himself would have given to his own reflections.

* * * * *
 "Many who, taken by surprise, had surrendered to the magisterial eloquence of the master, were rescued by the elegant pleading of the scholar. Everywhere, then, might be heard the loudest applause, and an applause well merited. On the greatest question of the times, the first man of the times had been answered by a young gentleman aged twenty-six, and who, hitherto unknown, was appreciated by his first success."

Like Lord Byron after the appearance of "Childe Harold," Mackintosh awoke and found himself famous. He was praised by Fox in Parliament, and warmly welcomed into the chosen circle of the Whigs. His review of the "Regicide Peace" added to his fame and procured him an invitation to Beaconsfield, where (he was wont to say) Burke overturned in half an hour the previous reflections of his whole life. The change was more owing to the logic of events than to Burke's. He told some Frenchmen who were complimenting him on the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," at Paris, in 1803, "*Messieurs, vous m'avez si bien réfuté.*"

His next hit was the delivery of a course of lectures on public law, preceded by a "Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations," of which Campbell says, that "if Mackintosh had published nothing else, he would have left a perfect monument of his intellectual strength and symmetry." Sir H. Bulwer says: "Learned, eloquent, it excited nearly as much enthusiasm as the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,' and deserved, upon the whole, a higher order of admiration." As to the course itself:—

"Suffice it here to say, that amidst the sighs of his old friends, the applauses of his new, and the sneering murmurs and scornful remarks of the stupid and the envious of all parties, his eloquence (for he was eloquent as a professor) produced generally the most flattering effects. Statesmen, lawyers, men of letters, idlers, crowded with equal admiration round the amusing moralist, whose glittering store of knowledge was collected from the philosopher, the poet, the writer of romance and history."

The trial of Peltier took place in 1803, and no collection of British eloquence would be complete without Mackintosh's speech for the defence. It was translated into French by Madame de Staël: it was read with admiration in most continental languages, and Lord Erskine writes: "I perfectly approve of the verdict; but the manner in which you opposed it I shall

always consider as one of the most splendid monuments of genius, learning, and eloquence." His fee was five guineas. His fees for the year in which this speech was delivered (the seventh since his call to the bar) amounted to 1200*l.*; but he had no taste for the routine of his profession, and—let Sir H. Bulwer state the case in his own pointed language—"three months had not elapsed when, with the plaudits of the public and the praise of Erskine still ringing in his ear, he accepted the Recordership of Bombay from Mr. Addington, and retired with satisfaction to the well-paid and knighted indolence of India. His objects in doing so were, he said, of two kinds—to make a fortune, and to write a work. The whole man is before us when we discover how far either of these objects was attained by him. He did not make a fortune; he did not write a work."

His acceptance of the Recordership gave great offence to his friends. Mr. Perry, meeting him on his way from Downing Street, inquired whether he felt no compunction at receiving honours and emoluments for opinions which had sent some of their common friends into exile for life. The same occasion produced Dr. Parr's celebrated sarcasm, on Mackintosh's asking how Quigley (an Irish priest executed for treason) could have been worse? "I'll tell you, Jenny: Quigley was an Irishman—he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest—he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor—he might have been an apostate."

If "Jenny" was guilty of any sacrifice of principle in accepting a judicial appointment from persons with whom he did not agree in politics, he made ample compensation on his return from India, when he refused the Presidency of the Board of Control, offered him, with a seat in Parliament, by Mr. Perceval. Entering the House of Commons a staunch Whig, he made some remarkable speeches: he was by common consent the reformer of the criminal law on whom Romilly's mantle fell: and he wrote some fifteen or twenty articles of acknowledged merit for the "Edinburgh Review." His most sustained efforts, however, were made in the closing years of his life, during which he produced the volumes of "English History" and the "Life of Sir Thomas More" which appeared in "Lardner's Cyclopædia;" the "Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy" (edited by Whewell); and the commencement of the "History of the Revolution of 1688." Whilst contending rightly that none of

these are great works, Sir H. Bulwer admits that they one and all give indications of the highest order of capacity.

Sir H. Bulwer supports his theory by an anecdote. "What have you done," he (Mackintosh) relates that a French lady once said to him, "that people should think you so superior?" "I was obliged," he adds, "as usual to refer to my projects." If Madame de Staël, who thought him the first man in England, had been at his elbow, she would have given a very different answer to her countrywoman. Credit for intellectual superiority can no more be obtained and maintained by projects, than credit for wealth can be acquired by announcing an intention to build a mansion like Dorchester House, and fill it with the choicest productions of art. Inquiry would be instantly directed to the means; and, as regards Mackintosh, the most satisfactory references would have been forthcoming. Unlike Addison, who said that he could draw for a thousand pounds though he had not a guinea in his pocket, the man of promise had always both pockets full as well as a large balance at his bankers. "Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with." Such is the deliberate opinion of Sydney Smith, who spoke his mind more freely and conscientiously than any human being we ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with.

Mackintosh lacked creative genius, and he was constitutionally subject to fits of lassitude. This is why he produced no great work. He was essentially a speculative man; he wanted self-assertion, and from his extreme placability could be set aside and passed over with impunity. This is why he was so often reduced to say, with Gibbon, "My vote was counted in the hour of battle, but I was overlooked in the division of the spoil." Here, again, let Sydney Smith speak:

"If he had been arrogant and grasping; if he had been faithless and false; if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle, always ready to betray and blacken those with whom he sat at meat, he would have passed many men, who, in the course of his long life, have passed him; but, without selling his soul for pottage, if he only had had a little more prudence for the promotion of his interests, and more of angry passions for the punishment of those detractors, who envied his fame, and presumed upon his sweetness: if he had been more aware of his powers, and of that space which nature intended him to occupy: he would

have acted a great part in life, and remained a character in history. As it is, he has left in many of the best men of England, and of the Continent, the deepest admiration of his talents, his wisdom, his knowledge, and his benevolence."

We have subjected Sir H. Bulwer's theory or conception of Mackintosh to so close an analysis, because it is calculated to promote two popular tendencies which we think mischievous: the tendency to depreciate men for not being something widely different from what they are, or for not possessing incompatible qualities; and the tendency to deify success. The attainment of a coveted object, whether place, wealth, or position, is enough; and he who wins the race by mere jockeyship is praised and courted, to the utter neglect of him who has been distanced by being overweighted with honour, generosity, principle, and truth:—

"One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels."

"Cobbett" will probably be voted the most entertaining of the English subjects. It is fresher and stranger, and it is handled with more than ordinary vigour and vivacity. Nowhere is Sir H. Bulwer's language so attractive by its freedom and its flow, as in tracing a career which, at almost every turn, taste, feeling and judgment compel him to censure or condemn. His contentious man is in no sense a typical or representative man. Cobbett stands alone. None but himself can be his parallel. He is a species, a genus, in himself. Nature never made another like him, and we do not want another; for there never was one to whom the vernacular term blackguard was more frequently or more appropriately applied. When the Speaker asked him to a parliamentary dinner, he refused, saying that "he was not accustomed to the society of gentlemen." He might have gone farther; he was not accustomed to, he would not have been tolerated in, any respectable society out of his own family. His vanity was inordinate, his temper uncontrolled; his violence at the semblance of a contradiction, or the suspicion of a slight, became ferocity; and he vented his rage in scurrilous abuse amounting to downright ruffianism. Here is a specimen:—

"There's a fine Congressman for you! If any d—d rascally rotten borough in the universe ever made such a choice as this (a Mr. Blair Mac-

Clenahan), you'll be bound to cut my throat, and suffer the *sans culottes* sovereigns of Philadelphia — the hob-snob snigger-sneezers of Germanstown — to kick me about in my blood till my corpse is as ugly and disgusting as their living carcasses are."

This was published in America. But some of his choicest flowers of rhetoric were reserved for his native soil, and he was no respecter of places or persons. He thus apostrophised Malthus: "I call you by the only name which expresses the full infamy of your character when I say, *Parson*." Irritated by a call to order in the House of Commons, he turned round, and addressed to the member from whom the call proceeded the most revolting phrase in the vocabulary of slang. Nor is it any mitigation to say that some of his epithets tickled the vulgar humour and stuck; as when he denounced "The Bloody Old Times," or called the Quakers (whom he had elsewhere eulogised) "unbaptized, buttonless blackguards." His supreme delight was to run counter to a popular feeling, as in his "Good Queen Mary" and "Bloody Queen Bess."

It would be well if his transgressions against propriety had been confined to language. But he deliberately set at nought honesty, gratitude, principle, honour, consistency, and truth. He would take up any cause that suited or party that courted him, and systematically blacken any cause or party that did not. He would borrow money, exalt the lender (Sir F. Burdett, for example) to the skies, never dream of repaying it, and libel him the moment he refused to lend more. The American Republic was, by turns, the only land worth living in, and the land "where judges become felons, and felons judges." He held up Tom Paine to general execration as "an infamous and atrocious miscreant," and then tried to make capital of his bones. Yet this Ishmael of the political world, this Thersites of journalism, was an excellent husband, an exemplary father, a genuine patriot at heart; he had fancy and feeling, with a keen sense of moral and natural beauty; he had indomitable energy and strong good sense; he was largely endowed with civil courage; and taking into account his inimitable style, he cannot be pronounced deficient in a certain quality of taste. His defence of monastic institutions is worthy of the learned and eloquent author of "Monks of the West:—"

"Go into any county, and survey, even at this day, the ruins of its perhaps twenty abbeys and priories, and then ask yourself, 'What

have we in exchange for these?' Go to the site of some once opulent convent. Look at the cloister, now become, in the hands of some rack-renter, the receptacle for dung, fodder, and fagot-wood. See the hall, where for ages the widow, the orphan, the aged, and the stranger found a table ready spread. See a bit of its walls now helping to make a cattle-shed, the rest having been hauled away to build a work-house. Recognise on the side of a barn a part of the once magnificent chapel; and, if chained to the spot by your melancholy musings, you be admonished of the approach of night by the voice of the screech-owl issuing from those arches which once, at the same hour, resounded with the vespers of the monk, and which have for seven hundred years been assailed by storms and tempests in vain; if thus admonished of the necessity of seeking food, shelter, and a bed, lift up your eyes and look at the whitewashed and dry-rotten shed on the hill called the "Gentleman's House," and appraised of the "board wages" and "spring guns," which are the signs of his hospitality, turn your head, jog away from the scene of former comfort and grandeur; with old-English welcoming in your mind, reach the nearest inn, and there, in a room half-warmed and half-lighted, with the reception precisely proportioned to the presumed length of your purse, sit down and listen to an account of the hypocritical pretences, the base motives, the tyrannical and bloody means under which, from which, and by which the ruin you have been witnessing was effected, and the hospitality you have lost was for ever banished from the land."

His sketches of rural scenery are often graceful, always fresh and true. But his strength lay in coarse withering invective or abuse; and in this line he is, fortunately, unapproachable. If the "drab-coloured men of Pennsylvania" were unlucky in provoking the comic indignation of Sidney Smith, they were not less so in encountering the scurrility of Cobbett:

"It is fair, also, to observe that this State (Pennsylvania) labours under disadvantages in one respect that no other State does. Here is precisely that climate which suits the vagabonds of Europe; here they bask in summer, and lie curled up in winter, without fear of scorching in one season, or freezing in the other. Accordingly, hither they come in shoals, just roll themselves ashore, and begin to swear and poll away as if they had been bred to the business from their infancy. She has, too, unhappily acquired a reputation for the mildness, or rather the feebleness, of her laws. There's no gallows in Pennsylvania. These glad tidings have rung through all the democratic club-rooms, all the dark assemblies of traitors, all the dungeons and cells of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Hence it is that we are overwhelmed with the refuse, the sweeping,

of these kingdoms, the offal of the jail and the gibbet. Hence it is that we see so many faces that never looked comely but in the pillory, limbs that are awkward out of chains, and necks that seem made to be stretched."

Nor was it pleasant for an embryo President of the great Republic to be handed down to posterity in this fashion, in a Summary of the Proceedings of Congress:—

"Never was a more ludicrous farce acted to a bursting audience. Madison is a little bow-legged man, at once stiff and slender. His countenance has that sour aspect, that conceited screw, which pride would willingly mould into an expression of disdain, if it did not find the features too skinny and too scanty for its purpose. His thin, sleek air, and the niceness of his garments, are indicative of that economical cleanliness which expostulates with the shoeboy and the washerwoman, which flies from the danger of a gutter, and which boasts of wearing a shirt for three days without rumpling the frill. In short, he has, take him altogether, precisely the prim, mean, prig-like look of a corporal mechanic, and were he ushered into your parlour, you would wonder why he came without his measure and his shears. Such (and with a soul which would disgrace any other tenement than that which contains it) is the mortal who stood upon his legs, confidently predicting the overthrow of the British monarchy, and anticipating the pleasure of feeding its illustrious nobles with his oats."

Sir Henry Bulwer gives instances to prove that Cobbett's virulence could be conveyed in a more delicate way when he thought proper:—

"Since then citizen Barney is become a French commodore of two frigates, and will rise probably to the rank of admiral, if contrary winds do not blow him in the way of an enemy.

"He was a sly-looking fellow, with a hard slate-coloured countenance. He set out by blushing, and I may leave any one to guess at the efforts that must be made to get a blush through a skin like his.

"Having thus settled the point of controversy, give me leave to ask you, my sweet sleepy-eyed sir!"

The worst of Cobbett—and it is as bad as bad can be in its way—was what he forced before the public, after one of his astounding gyrations or apostasies, in the shape of an unblushing act of treachery or a barefaced untruth. The best of him was his domestic life, his management of his family, and his fortitude under severe trial. The pictures which Sir H. Bulwer has drawn or laid before us of his early strug-

gles, his mode of acquiring knowledge, his marriage, and (above all) his daily life during his two years' imprisonment in Newgate, will conciliate sympathy, although they cannot be accepted as a set-off to the ingrained perversity of the entire public portion of his life.

"Canning, the Brilliant Man," is good throughout, both in conception and execution: his solid as well as his brilliant qualities are artistically placed in bold relief; and peculiar sources of information have enabled the author to clear up passages in the life of this distinguished statesman which have hitherto been obscured or misunderstood. Restricted space compels us to confine ourselves to these, and to two or three others on which we ourselves can throw light.

What was the precise train of motives which actuated Mr. Canning when, on his entrance into public life (1793), he left his original party, the Whigs, and took service with Mr. Pitt? The pending events in France had brought discredit on liberal opinions; but he was also influenced by circumstances of a mere personal nature:

"The first incident, I was once told by Mr. John Allen, that disinclined Mr. Canning, who had probably already some misgivings, to attaching himself irrevocably to the Whig camp, was the following one: Lord Liverpool, then Mr. Jenkinson, had just made his appearance in the House of Commons. His first speech was highly successful. 'There is a young friend of mine,' said Mr. Sheridan, 'whom I soon hope to see on this side of the House answering the honourable gentleman who has just distinguished himself: a contemporary whom he knows to possess talents not inferior to his own, but whose principles, I trust, are very different from his.'

"This allusion, however kindly meant, was disagreeable, said Mr. Allen, to the youthful aspirant to public honours. It pledged him, as he thought, prematurely; it brought him forward under the auspices of a man, who, however distinguished as an individual, was not in a position to be a patron. Other reflections, it is added, followed."

These other reflections strongly resemble those which were forced upon Quentin Durdward by his uncle, Le Balafre, when expatiating on the difficulty of obtaining distinction under a chief like Charles the Bold, who fought at the head of a body of gallant knights and nobles:

"The party then in opposition possessed, with the exception of Mr. Pitt, Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Dundas, almost every man distinguished in public life—a host of formidable

competitors in the road to honour and preferment, supposing preferment and honour to be attainable by talent. But this was not all. The Whig party, then, as always, was essentially an exclusive party; its regards were concentrated on a clique, to whom all without it were tools and instruments. On the other side, the prime minister stood alone. He had every office to bestow, and few candidates of any merit for official employments.

"These were not explanations that Mr. Canning could make precisely to the Whig leaders, but he had an affection for Mr. Sheridan, who had always been kind to him, and by whom he did not wish to be thought ungrateful. He sought, then, an interview with that good-natured and gifted person. Lord Holland, Mr. Canning's contemporary, was present at it, and told me that nothing could be more respectful, affectionate, and unreserved, than the manner in which the ambitious young politician gave his reasons for the change he was prepared to make, or had made; nothing more warm-hearted, unprejudiced, and frank, than the veteran orator's reception of his retiring *protégé's* confession: nor, indeed, could Mr. Sheridan help feeling the application, when he was himself cited as an example of the haughtiness with which 'the great Whig Houses' looked down on the lofty aspirations of mere genius. The conversation thus alluded to took place a little before Mr. Pitt's proposals were made, but probably when they were expected. Mr. Canning, his views fairly stated to the only person to whom he felt bound to give them, and his seat in Parliament secured, placed himself in front of his old friends, and Colonel Fitz Patrick revenged them by the following couplet:—

'The turning of coats so common is grown,
That no one would think to attack it;
But no case until now was so flagrantly known
Of a schoolboy turning his jacket.'

George IV. was excessively annoyed by Mr. Canning's taking the Queen's side, although he held aloof from her party, and never publicly advocated her cause. His Majesty, also, was strongly prejudiced against him by regard for Lord Londonderry, whose quarrel he had privately espoused. The ease with which the royal objections or prejudices were overcome, and the rapidity with which the new Foreign Secretary rose into marked favour, have consequently remained a puzzle to the uninitiated. The solution is now given on unimpeachable authority. The Duke of Wellington, at the urgent desire of Lord Liverpool, undertook to lay before the King the reasons they deemed imperative

for the appointment of Mr. Canning in succession to Lord Londonderry:

"Two or three phrases of the conversation that took place on this occasion have been repeated to me by one likely to have heard them from both parties concerned.

"'Good God! Arthur, you don't mean to propose that fellow to me as Secretary for Foreign Affairs; it is impossible. I said, on my honour as a gentleman, he should never be one of my ministers again. You hear, Arthur, on my honour as a gentleman. I am sure you will agree with me. I can't do what I said on my honour as a gentleman I would not do.'

"'Pardon me, sir, I don't agree with you at all; your Majesty is not a gentleman.'

"The King started.'

"'Your Majesty, I say,' continued the imperturbable soldier, 'is not a gentleman, but the sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself; and these duties render it imperative that you should at this time employ the abilities of Mr. Canning.'

"'Well,' drawing a long breath, 'if I must, I must,' was finally the King's reply."

Within a few weeks of the appointment, the King being asked how he liked his Foreign Secretary, replied, "Like him! the word is too weak—I love him." How was this conversion brought about?—

"In the ordinary acceptance of the word, he was not a courtier, nor a man of the world. Living, as I have already stated, surrounded by a small clique of admirers, and little with society at large, he confined his powers of pleasing, which were remarkable, to his own set. He had determined, however, on gaining George IV.'s good will, or at all events on vanquishing his dislike, and he saw at once that this was to be done rather indirectly than directly, and that it could best be done by gaining the favour of those ladies of the court whom the King saw most frequently, and spoke to most unreservedly. These were Lady Conyngham, and Madame de Lieven. For Lady Conyngham, George IV. had a romantic, almost boyish attachment; Madame de Lieven he liked and appreciated as the lady who had the greatest knack of seizing and understanding his wishes and making his court agreeable. She was a musician, and he was fond of music; she had correspondents at every court in Europe; knew all the small gossip as well as the most important affairs that agitated Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, and he was fond of foreign gossip and foreign affairs. Her opinion, moreover, as to the manners or capacity of any one in the world of fashion was law, and George IV. piqued himself especially on being the man of fashion.

"Mr. Canning resolved, then, on pleasing this remarkable lady, and completely succeeded. She became, as she afterwards often stated, sub-

jugated by the influence of his 'natural manner and brilliant talents; and the favour of Madame de Lieven went the further in this instance with the King, since he had previously a sort of prejudice against Canning, looking upon him and speaking of him as a clever literary politician, but not a "gentleman." This prejudice once removed, a man of wit, genius and information, had no inconsiderable hold on a prince whose youth had been passed in the most brilliant society of his time, and who was still alive to the memory of the sparkling wit of Sheridan and the easy eloquence of Fox. Lady Conyngham's alliance was still more important than that of Madame de Lieven, and one of Mr. Canning's first acts was to name Lord Francis Conyngham (since the Marquis) Under-secretary of State. This, indeed, not only pleased his mother, and pleased the King for that reason, but it satisfied his Majesty in a delicate way as to the desire of his minister to have every act of his administration brought under the cognisance of his royal master."

The Princess de Lieven was one of the most distinguished members of the female Directory, commonly called Patronesses of Almack's, that ruled the fashionable world of London for more than a quarter of a century; she was the last of the great ladies who largely influenced European politics; and her power over an eminent French statesman, an eminent man of letters to boot, amounted to a fascination and a spell. If we mistake not, she is the authority for the curious anecdote that comes next:

Lady Conyngham had been supposed in early life to have greatly admired Lord Ponsonby, then the finest gentleman of his time, and distinguished in the memoirs of Harriet Wilson as the only man who ever looked well in a cotton night-cap. Lord Ponsonby, who had long been absent from England, returned from the Ionian Islands, where he held a small office, just about the period that the recognition of the South American colonies was being agitated, not a little desirous to get a better place than the one he had quitted, and met Lady Conyngham at Lady Jersey's. The story of the day was, that Lady Conyngham fainted on meeting the object of her early admiration. This story reached the enamoured monarch, who took to his bed, declared himself ill, and would see no one.* All business was stopped. After waiting some time, Mr. Canning at last obtained an interview. George IV. received him lying on a couch in a darkened room, the light being barely sufficient to read a paper.

'What's the matter? I am very ill, Mr. Canning.'

* This was his usual resource when his love affairs went wrong. He took to his bed, and pretended to be dying from a self-inflicted wound in the arm, when Mrs Fitzherbert refused to sacrifice her honour to his desires.

'I shall not occupy your Majesty for more than five minutes. It is very desirable, as your Majesty knows, to send envoys, without delay, to the States of South America, that are about to be recognised.'

The King groaned, and moved impatiently.

'I have been thinking, sir, it would be most desirable to select a man of rank for one of these posts (another groan). And I thought of proposing Lord Ponsonby to your Majesty for Buenos Ayres.'

'Ponsonby!' said the King, rising a little from his reclining position, 'a capital appointment! a clever fellow, though an idle one, Mr. Canning. May I ask you to undraw that curtain a little? A very good appointment; is there anything else, Canning, that you wish me to attend to?'

From that moment, says the private and not unauthentic chronicle from which this anecdote is taken, Mr Canning's favour rose more and more rapidly, and arrived at a degree which justified a lady diplomatist, from whom we have the story, and who on entering the room one day found one of Lady Clanricarde's children on the King's knee, turning round to the minister and saying:

'Je vous fais mes compliments, Monsieur Canning, quel beau portrait de famille!'

Speaking of Mr. Canning's famous speech on the affairs of Portugal on the 12th December, 1826, Sir H. Bulwer says:—

"My general impression, indeed, was that this speech must throughout have produced as great an effect in delivery as it does, even now, in reading; but I was talking the other day with a friend who, then being a Westminster boy, was present at the debate; and he told me I was mistaken; and that with the exception of one or two passages such as those I have cited, there was a want of that elasticity and flow which distinguished Mr. Canning's happier efforts.

It is probable that not having had time, amidst the business which the step he was taking had created, to prepare himself sufficiently, he had the air of being over-prepared, and, according to my friend, only rose in his reply to his full height as an orator, exciting his audience by that famous allusion to the position which England then held between conflicting principles, like Æolus between conflicting winds."

Does this speech still produce a great effect in reading? Has Sir H. Bulwer recently tried the experiment? As to the effect in delivery, his friend's impression was right, except that he has placed in the reply the most remarkable passage of the opening speech. But why appeal to those who were Westminster boys in 1826? We ourselves — *calidâ juvenâ* — were present during the whole of the debate. Except during the

last ten minutes, the speech, considering the crisis, fell flat. It smelt rankly of the oil. The speaker often hesitated to recall a prepared sentence or expression, instead of trusting to the warmth of improvisation for the words; and even the *Æolus* flight had more of the rhetorical than the oratorical ring. The ensuing discussion was tame, until a laugh was excited by Mr. Hume, who, in reference to the alarm expressed at letting slip the dogs of war, exclaimed, "Let slip the dogs of war! Why, the Right Honorable gentleman has told us that they are already on their march to Portsmouth." The dogs of war were the Guards.

The House was thinning fast when, in reply to Mr. A. Baring (Lord Ashburton), Mr. Canning uttered his splendid boast, the first half of which is omitted in the reports: "I looked to America to correct the inequalities of Europe: I called a New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." We say boast, because it was generally so regarded, and was so treated by Earl Grey, when, in his set attack of May 10, 1827, he accused Mr. Canning of monopolizing credit which, if due at all, was equally due to the Premier under whom he was serving, and his colleagues. The accusation was unjust. Alone he did it. His resignation was three days in the hands of Lord Liverpool before the required concurrence in his policy could be obtained. No attack made upon him in consequence of his accepting the Premiership rankled like Earl Grey's. He was not only reasonably angry with his assailant: he was unreasonably angry with his former colleagues in the House of Lords for not giving the fitting explanation on the instant; which they could not have done without the consent of the sovereign. He had serious thoughts of being called at once to the Upper House; and he was only prevented from making the long meditated retort on the last day of the Session by the illness of the Speaker, who, having hurt his face by a fall, was unable to keep the chair. *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo*: this suppressed anger, embittered by the keen sense of wrong, may go far to account for his "jaded, restless, and worn look," when, on Parliament breaking up, he remained in secure possession of the darling object of his ambition through life, and retired to Chiswick to die.

De Carthagine tacere melius est quam parum dicere. Better be silent about the late Sir Robert Peel than cursorily discuss a career and character, the effects of which on

our political future, especially on the dissolution and re-formation of parties, were never more marked and momentous than at this hour. Moreover, his literary executors announce that they have valuable assets unadministered in hand; and his name has been so recently a battle-cry, that we should despair of bringing the existing generation into a state of mind regarding him fitted to anticipate the impartial verdict of posterity.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S LAMENT FOR LORD CLYDE.

[ON SEEING HIS STATUE, IN WATERLOO PLACE, BY BARON MAROCHETTI.]

WANDERING o'er our dreary pavements, lounging down our dingy streets,
What black images of heroes every now and then one meets;
Grim the Duke upon his archway, grim Pitt's nose looks out in pride;
But the grimmest of the grim looks our latest-come, Lord Clyde.

As we step up by the column, we can wonder at him there,
Standing dandified and natty, with a full parading air;
Boots and belt, and sword and helmet, like a sancepan at his side;
Frowning like an angry monkey: can this be our brave lord Clyde?

He who dash'd up at the Alma, who at Bala-klava led,
Cool and firm at Lucknow moving o'er the heaps of rebel dead;
From his eye keen flashes glancing, bold and frank, the soldier's pride:—
Can this mass of millinery be the gallant good Lord Clyde?

Hero deeds and hero features, are ye sunk so low as this?
This the honour that a nation pays to service, such as his?
Were no better hands in England to do justice to our pride?
Take this foreign monkey down, and give us back our own Lord Clyde!

What Italian glories were in art we know and we revere;
All the more we scorn the clumsy counterfeit that meets us here;
The brazen impudence that thus has dared a hero to deride;
Take this foreign monkey down, and give us back our own Lord Clyde!

— *Spectator*.

PART XI.

CHAPTER XXX. — ONLY MR. BROWNLOW'S CLERK.

THERE was a pleasant bustle about the house that evening when the dogcart drove up. The sportsmen had been late of getting in, and nobody as yet had gone to dress; the door was open, and in the hall and about the broad door-steps pretty groups were lingering. Sara and her friends on their way up-stairs had encountered the gentlemen, fresh from their sport, some of whom had no doubt strayed to the sideboard, which was visible through the open door of the dining-room; but the younger ones were about the hall in their shooting-dresses talking to the girls and giving an account of themselves. There was about them all that sense of being too late, and having no right to be there, which gives a zest to such stolen moments. The men were tired with their day's work, and, for that matter, the ladies too, who, after the monotony of the afternoon and their cup of tea, wanted a little amusement; and there was a sound of talk and of laughter and pleasant voices, which could be heard half way down the avenue. They had all been living under the same roof for some days at least, and people got to know each other intimately under such circumstances. This was the scene upon which young Powys, still bewildered with delight, alighted suddenly, feeling as if he had fallen from the clouds. He jumped down with a light heart into the bright reflection of the lamp which fell over the steps, but somehow his heart turned like a piece of lead within his breast the moment his foot touched the flags. It grew like a stone within him without any reason, and he did not know why. Nobody knew him, it is true; but he was not a shy boy to be distressed by that. He jumped down, and his position was changed. Between him and Mr. Brownlow, who was so kind to him, and Jack, who was so hostile yet sympathetic, and Sara, whom he loved, there were unquestionable relations. But when he heard the momentary pause that marked his appearance, the quick resuming of the talk with a certain interrogative tone, "Who is he?" the glance at him askance, the sudden conviction rushed into his mind that all the better-informed were saying, "It is only his clerk!" — and it suddenly occurred to Powys that there existed no link of possible connection between himself and all those people. He knew nobody — he had no right to know anybody among them. He was there only by Mr. Brownlow's indiscreet favouritism, taken out of his own sphere. And thus he fell flat out of his foolish elysium. Mr. Brownlow, too, felt it as he stepped out into the midst of them all; but his mind was pre-occupied, and though it irritated, it did not move him. He looked round upon his guests, and he said, with a smile which was not of the most agreeable kind, "You will be late for dinner, young people, and I am as hungry as an

ogre. I shan't give you any grace. Sara don't you see Powys? Willis, send Mr. Powys's things up to the green room beside mine. Come along and I'll show you the way."

To say Sara was not much startled would be untrue; but she too had been aware of the uncomfortable moment of surprise and dismay among the assembled guests, and a certain fine instinct of natural courtesy which she possessed came to her aid. She made a step forward, though her cheeks were scarlet, and her heart beating loud, and held out her hand to the new visitor: "I am very glad to see you," she said. Not because she was really glad, so much as because these were the first words that occurred to her. It was but a moment, and then Powys followed Mr. Brownlow up-stairs. But when Sara turned round to her friends again she was unquestionably agitated, and it appeared to her that everybody perceived she was so. "How cross your papa looks," said one of them; "is he angry? — what have we done?" And then the clock struck seven. "Oh what a shame to be so late! we ought all to have been ready. No wonder Mr. Brownlow is cross," said another; and they all fluttered away like a flock of doves, flying up the staircase. Then the young men marched off too, and the pretty scene was suddenly obliterated, and nothing left but the bare walls, and Willis the butler gravely superintending his subordinates as they gave the finishing touches to the dinner-table. The greater part of the company forgot all about this little scene before five minutes had elapsed, but there were two or three who did not forget. These were Powys, first of all, who was tingling to the ends of his fingers with Sara's words and the momentary touch of her little hand. It was but natural, remembering how they parted, that he should find a special meaning in what she said, and he had no way of knowing that his arrival was totally unexpected, and that she was taken by surprise. And as for Sara herself, her heart fluttered strangely under the pretty white dress which was being put on. Madlle. Angeliq ue could not make out what it was that made her mistress so hard to manage. She would not keep still as a lady ought when she is getting dressed. She made such abrupt movements as to snatch her long bright locks out of Angeliq ue's hands, and quite interfere with the management of her ribbons. She too had begun to recollect what were the last words Powys had addressed to her. And she to say she was glad to see him! Mr. Brownlow had himself inducted his clerk into the green room, next door to his own, which was one of the best rooms in the house; and his thoughts would not bear talking of. They were inarticulate, though their name was legion; they seemed to buzz about him as he made his rapid toilette, so that he almost thought they must make themselves heard through the wall. Things had come to a desperate pass, and there was no time to be

biased by thoughts. He had dressed in a few minutes, and then he went to his daughter. Sara at the best of times was not so rapid. She was still in her dressing-gown at that moment with her hair in Angelique's hands, and it was too late to send the maid away.

"Sara," said Mr. Brownlow, very tersely, "you will take care that young Powys is not neglected at dinner. Mind that you arrange it so."

"Shall he take me in?" said Sara, with a sudden little outbreak of indignation which did her good. "I suppose you do not mean that?"

"I am speaking in earnest," said Mr. Brownlow, with some offence. "I have put him in the green room. Recollect that I think nothing in the house too good for this young man—nothing. I hope you will recollect what I say."

"Nothing?" said Sara, with a little surprise; and then the instinct of mischief returned to her, and she added, demurely, "That is going a long way."

"It is going a very long way—as far as a man can go," said Mr. Brownlow, with a sigh—"further than most men would go." And then he went away. As for Sara, her very ears thrilled with the significance of his tone. It frightened her into her senses when perhaps she might have been excused for being partly out of them. If she was kind to Powys—as kind as her father's orders required—what could he think? Would he remember what he had ventured to say? Would he think she was giving him "encouragement?" Notwithstanding this perplexity she allowed Angelique to dress her very nicely with her favourite blue ribbons and ornaments; and when she set out to go down-stairs, perhaps there was a little touch of Iphigenia in her air; but the martyrdom was not to call disagreeable. He was in the drawing-room when she went in. He was in a corner looking at photographs, which is the general fate of a poor man in a large party who knows nobody. Sara had a little discussion with herself whether it was her duty to go at once to Powys and take him under her protection. But when she looked at him—as she managed to do, so to speak, without looking—it became apparent to her that the young Canadian was too much a man to be treated with any such condescension; he was very humble, very much aware that his presumption in lifting his eyes to the height on which she sat was unpardonable; but still, if she had gone to him and devoted herself to his amusement, there is no telling what the results might have been. He was not one to take it meekly. The room gradually filled and grew a pretty sight as Sara made these reflections. The ladies came down like butterflies, translated out of their warm close morning dresses into clouds of vapoury white and rosy colour and sparkles of ornament like evening dew; and the sportsmen in their knickerbockers had melted into spotless black figures, relieved with

patches of spotless white, as is the use of gentlemen. The talk scarcely began again with its former freedom, for the moment before dinner is a grim moment, especially when men have been out all day and are hungry. Accordingly, the black figures massed themselves well up about the fireplace, and murmured through their beards such scraps of intelligence as suits the masculine capacity; while the ladies settled all round like flower borders, more patient and more smiling. Nobody took any particular notice of Powys in his corner, except, indeed, Mr. Brownlow, who stood very upright by the mantelpiece and did not speak, but looked at Sara, sternly as she thought, and then at the stranger. It was a difficult position for the young mistress of the house. When her father's glance became urgent she called a friend to her aid—a young woman of a serviceable age, not young and not old—who happened to be good-natured as well. "He is a friend of papa's," she said—"a great friend, but he knows nobody." And, strengthened by this companionship, she ventured to draw near the man who, in that very room, not far from that very spot, had told her he loved her. He was looking at a picture—the same picture of the woman holding out bread to the beggar—and he was thinking, Should he ever have that bread?—was it possible? or only a mockery of imagination? As Sara approached him the memory of that other scene came over her so strongly, and her heart began to beat so loudly, that she could scarcely hear herself speaking. "I want to introduce you to my friend Miss Ellerslie," she said. "Mr. Powys, Mary—you will take her in to dinner." And then she came to a dead stop, breathless with confusion. As for poor Powys, he made his new acquaintance a bow, and very nearly turned his back upon her, not seeing her for the dazzle in his eyes. This was about all the intercourse that passed between them, until, for one minute, and one only, after dinner, when he found himself by accident close to Sara's chair. He stood behind her lingering, scarcely seeing her, for she was almost hidden by the high back of the chair, yet feeling her all round him in the very air, and melted, poor fellow, into the languor of a sweet despair. It was despair, but yet it was sweet, for was he not there beside her? and though his love was impossible, as he said to himself, still there are impossibilities which are more dear than anything that can be compassed by man. As he stood, not venturing to say anything—not knowing, indeed, what to say—Sara suddenly turned round and discovered him. She looked up, and neither did she say anything; but when their eyes met, a sudden violent scorching blush flashed over her face. Was it anger, indignation, displeasure? He could not tell—but one thing was very clear, that it was recollection. She had not forgotten his wild words any more than he had. They were tingling in her ears as in his, and she did not look at him with the steady look of indignation putting him down. On

the contrary, it was her eyes which sank before his, though she did not immediately turn away her face. That was all—and no rational human creature could have said it meant anything; but yet when it came to be Powys's fate to address himself once more to the photographs, he did so with the blood coursing through all his veins, and his life as it were quickened within him. The other people with whom she was intimate, who were free to crowd around her, to talk to her, to occupy her attention, were yet nothing to her in comparison with what he was. Between these two there was a consciousness that existed between no other two in the party, friendly and well-acquainted as they all were. The Canadian was in such a state of mind that this one point in the evening made everything else comparatively unimportant. His companion at dinner had been kind and had talked to him; but after dinner, when the ladies left, the men had snubbed the intruder. Those who were near him had rushed into talk about people and places of whom he had no knowledge, as ill-bred persons are apt to do—and he had not found it pleasant. They had made him feel that his position was an anomalous one, and the backwoodsman had longed in his heart to show his sense of their rudeness and get up and go away. But after he had seen Sara's blush, he forgot all about the young fellows and their impertinence. He was at the time of life when such a thing can happen. He was for the moment quite content with the photographs, though he had not an idea what they were like. He was not hoping anything, nor planning anything, nor believing that anything could come of it. He was slightly delirious, and did not know what he was about—that was all.

"Are you fond of this sort of thing?" Mr. Brownlow said, coming up. Mr. Brownlow paid him an uneasy sort of attention, which made Powys more uncomfortable than the neglect of the others, for it implied that his host knew he was being neglected and wanted to make it up to him; "but then you should have seen all these places before you can care for them. And you have never been abroad."

"No, except on the other side of the Atlantic," said Powys, with colonial pride; "and you don't seem to think anything of that."

"Ah, yes, Canada," said Mr. Brownlow; and then he was so anxious to keep his young visitor in good-humour that he began to talk solitely and heavily of Canada and its resources and future prospects. Mr. Brownlow was *dis-trait*, and not very well informed, and Powys had not the heart to laugh at Sara's father even when he made mistakes, so that the conversation was not very lively between them. This, however, was all the amusement the stranger got on his first evening at Brownlows. The proposal to go there had thrown him into a kind of ecstasy, but this was all the result. When he got into his own room at night and thought it all over, an impulse of good sense came to his aid. It was folly. In the office at Master-

ton he was in his fit place, and nobody could object to him; but this was not his fit place. It might be uncivil and bad manners on their part to make him feel it, but yet the party at Brownlows was right. He had nothing to do there. If he could think that Miss Brownlow's heart had softened a little towards him, it was his duty all the more to deny himself and take himself out of her way. What had love to do between her and him? It was monstrous—not to be thought of. He had been insane when he came, but to-morrow he would go back, and make a stern end of all those dreams. These were Powys's thoughts within himself. But there was a conversation going on about him down-stairs of a very different kind.

When the company had all retired, Jack detained his father and his sister to speak to them. Jack was highly uncomfortable in his mind himself, and naturally he was in a very rampant state of virtue. He could not endure that other people should have their cakes and ale; and he did not like his father's looks nor Sara's, and felt as if the honour of his house was menaced somehow. He took Sara's candle from her after his father had lighted it, and set it down on the table. "The nuisance of having all these people," said Jack, "is, that one never has a moment to one's self, and I want to speak to you. I don't mean to say anything against Powys, sir—nobody knows anything about him. Has he told you what he said to Sara when he was last here?"

"Jack! how dare you?" said Sara, turning on her brother; but Jack took no notice of her beautiful blazing eyes.

"Did he tell you, that you are so well informed?" said Mr. Brownlow. If either of his children had been cool enough to observe it, they would have perceived that he was too quiet, and that his calm was unnatural; but they suspected nothing, and consequently they did not observe.

"He told me enough to make me understand," said Jack; "and I daresay you've forgotten how young men think, and don't suppose it's of any consequence. Sara knows—If it was a mere nothing, I should not take the trouble," added the exemplary brother; "but, in the circumstances, it's my duty to interfere. After what he said, when you bring him here again it is giving him license to speak; it is giving him a kind of tacit consent. She knows," said Jack, pointing to his sister, who confronted him, growing pale and growing scarlet. "It's as good as saying you will back him out; and, good heavens, when you consider who he is!"

"Do you know who he is?" said Mr. Brownlow. He was very hard put to it for that moment, and it actually occurred to him to deliver himself of his secret, and throw his burden on their shoulders—the two who, in their ignorance, were thus putting the last touch of exasperation to his ordeal. He realised the blank amazement with which they would turn to him, the indignation, the—Ah, but he

could not go any further. What would have succeeded to the first shock of the news he dared not anticipate—beggary probably, and utter surrender of everything; therefore Mr. Brownlow held his peace.

"I know he is in the office at Masterton," said Jack—"I know he is your clerk, and I don't suppose he is a prince in disguise. If he is honest, and is who he professes to be—I beg your pardon, sir, for saying so—but he ought not to be brought into my sister's society, and he has no business to be here."

"Papa!" cried Sara, breathless, "order him to be quiet! Is it supposed that I can't see any one without being in danger of—of—that any man whom papa chooses to bring is to be kept away for me? I wonder what you think of me? We girls are not such wretched creatures, I can tell you; nor so easily led; nor so wicked and proud—nor—Papa! stop this immediately, and let Jack mind his own affairs."

"I have just one word to say to Jack," said Mr. Brownlow,—"my darling, be quiet—never mind;—Powys is more important to me than if he were a prince in disguise. I know who he is. I have told your sister that I think nothing in this house too good for him. He is my clerk, and you think he is not as good as you are; but he is very important to me. I give you this explanation, not because I think you have any right to it, after your own proceedings. And as for you, my dear child," he added, putting his arm round her, with an involuntary melting of his heart, "my pretty Sara! you are only to do what your heart suggests, my darling. I once asked a sacrifice of you, but I have not the heart now. If your heart goes this way, it will be justice. Yes, justice. I know you don't understand me; but if not, Sara, I will not interfere with you. You are to do according to your own heart."

"Papa!" said Sara, clinging to him, awed and melted and astonished by the emotion in his eyes.

"Yes," Mr. Brownlow repeated, taking her face in his hands, and kissing it. If he had been a soft-hearted man he would have been weeping, but there was something in his look beyond tears. "It will be just, and the best way—but only if it's after your own heart. And I know you don't understand me. You'll never understand me, if all goes well; but all the same, remember what I say."

And then he took up the candle which Jack had taken out of Sara's hand. "Never understand me—never, if all goes well," he muttered to himself. He was strained to the last point, and he could not bear any more. Before his children had recovered from their amaze he had gone away, not so much as looking at them again. They might talk or speculate as they would; he could bear no more.

Jack and Sara looked in each other's faces as he disappeared. They were both startled, but in a different way. Was he mad? his son thought; and Jack grew pale over the possibil-

ity: but as for Sara, her life was bound up in it. It was not the blank of dismay and wonder that moved her. She did not speculate on what her father meant by justice. Something else stirred in her heart and veins. As for Jack, he was thunderstruck. "He must be going mad!" he said. "For heaven's sake, Sara, don't give any weight to these delusions; he can't be in his right mind."

"Do you mean papa?" said Sara, stamping her foot in indignation; "he is a great deal wiser than you will ever be. Jack, I don't know what you mean; it must be because you are wicked yourself that you think everybody else is going wrong; but you shall not speak so to me."

"Yes; I see you are going to make a fool of yourself," said Jack, in his superiority. "You are shutting your eyes and taking your own way. When you come to a downfall you will remember what I say. You are trying to make a fool of him, but you won't succeed—mind I tell you, you won't succeed. He knows what he is about too well for that."

"If it is Mr. Powys you are speaking of"—said Sara; but she paused, for the name betrayed her somehow—betrayed her even to herself, bringing the colour to her cheeks and a gleam to her eyes. Then she made believe as if she scorned to say more, and held her little head high with lofty contempt, and lighted her candle. "I am sure we should not agree on that subject, and it is better we should not try," said Sara, and followed her father loftily upstairs, leaving Jack discomfited, with the feeling of a prophet to whom nobody would listen. He said to himself he knew how it would be—his father had got some wild idea in his head; and Sara was as headstrong and fanciful as ever girl was, and would rush to her own destruction. Jack went out with this sense of approaching calamity in his mind, and lighted his cigar, and took a turn down the avenue as far as the gate, where he could see the light in Mrs. Preston's window. It seemed to him that the world was losing its balance,—that only he saw how badly things were turning, and nobody would listen to him. And, strangely enough, his father's conduct seemed so mad to him altogether that his mind did not fix on the maddest word of it—the word which by this time had got into Sara's head, and was driving her half wild with wonder. Justice! What did it mean? Sara was thinking in her agitation: but Jack, taking things in general as at their worst, passed over that particular. And thus they all separated and went to bed, as was to be supposed, in the most natural and seemly way. People slept well at Brownlows in general, the air being so good, and all the influences so healthful, after these long days out of doors; and nobody was the wiser for it if "the family" were any way disturbed among themselves.

As for Mr. Brownlow, he threw himself down on his bed in a certain lull of despair. He was dead tired. It was pitiful

to see him thus worn out, with too little hope to make any exertion, driven to his last resource, thinking of nothing but of how to forget it all for a little and get it out of his mind. He tried to sleep and to be still, and when he found he could not sleep, got up again and took some brandy—a large fiery dose—to keep his thoughts away. He had thought so much that now he loathed thinking. If he could but go on and let fortune bring him what it might; if he could but fall asleep—asleep, and not wake again till all was over—not wake again at all for that matter. There was nothing so delightful in the world that he should wish very much to wake again. Not that the faintest idea of putting an end to himself ever crossed his mind. He was only sick of it all, tired to death, disgusted with everything—his own actions, and the frivolity and folly of others who interfered with his schemes, and the right that stood in his way, and the wrong that he was trying to do. At that moment he had not heart enough to go on with anything. Such moments of disgust come even to those who are the most energetic and ready. He seemed to have thrown the guidance of affairs out of his hands, and be trusting to mere blind chance—if anything is ruled by chance. If this boy and girl should meet, if they should say to each other certain foolish words, if they should be idiots enough, the one and the other, as to commit themselves, and pledge their lives to an act of the maddest absurdity, not unmixed with wickedness—for it would be wicked of Powys, poor as he was, and burdened as he was, to ask Sara to marry him, and it would be insanity on her part to consent,—if this mad climax should arrive, then a kind of salvation in ruin, a kind of justice in wrong, would be wrought. And to this chance Mr. Brownlow, after all his plans and schemes, after all his thought and the time he had spent in considering everything, had come as the sole solution of his difficulties. He had abdicated, as it were, the throne of reason, and left himself to chance and the decision of two ignorant children. What wind might veer their uncertain intentions, or sudden impulse change them, he could not tell. He could not influence them more, could not guide them any further. What could he do but sleep? Oh that he could have but slept, and let the crisis accomplish itself and all be over! Then he put out his light and threw himself upon his bed, and courted slumber like a lover. It was the only one thing in the world Mr. Brownlow could now do, having transferred, as it were, the responsibility and the power of action into other hands.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN IMPOSTOR.

NEXT morning Powys was up early, with his wise resolution very strong in his mind. He seemed to see the folly of it all more clearly in the morning light. Such a thing might be possible in Canada; but in this conventional

artificial existence there were a hundred things more important than love or happiness. Even that, too, he felt was an artificial way of looking at it; for, after all, let the laws of existence be ever so simple, a man who has already a family to support, and very little to do it on, is mad, and worse than mad, if he tries to drag a girl down into the gulf of poverty with him. And as for Sara having enough for both, Powys himself was not sufficiently unconventional and simple-minded to take up that idea. Accordingly he felt that the only thing to do was to go away; he had been crazy to think of anything else, but now his sanity had returned to him. He was one of the earliest of the party down stairs, and he did not feel himself so much out of place at the breakfast-table; and when the young men went out, Jack, by way of keeping the dangerous visitor out of his sister's way, condescended to be civil, and invited him to join the shooting party. Powys declined the invitation. "I am going to the office with Mr. Brownlow," he said, a decision which was much more satisfactory to Jack.

"Oh, I thought you had come for a few days," said Jack. "I beg your pardon; not that the sport is much to offer any one—the birds are getting scarce; but I thought you had come for some days."

"No, I am going back to-day," said Powys, not without a strangled inaudible sigh; for the sight of the dogs and the guns went to his heart a little, notwithstanding his love and despair. And Jack's conscience pricked him that he did not put in a word of remonstrance. He knew well enough that Powys had not meant to go away, and he felt a certain compunction and even sympathy. But he reflected that, after all, it was far best for himself that every pretension should be checked in the bud. Powys stood on the steps looking after them as they went away; and it cannot be denied that his feelings were dreary. It seemed hard to be obliged to deny himself everything, not happiness alone, but even a little innocent amusement, such as reminded him of the freedom of his youth. He was too manly to grumble, but yet he felt it, and could not deny himself the pleasure of wondering how "these fellows" would like the prairies, and whether they would disperse in double-quick time if a bear or a pack of wolves came down upon them in place of their innocent partridges. No doubt "these fellows" would have stood the trial extremely well, and at another moment Powys would not have doubted that; but in the mean time a little sneer was a comfort to him. The dog-cart came up as he waited, and Mr. Brownlow made his appearance in his careful morning dress, perfectly calm, composed, and steady as usual,—a man whose very looks gave consolation to a client in trouble. But yet the lines of his face were a little haggard, if there had been anybody there with eyes to see. "What, Powys!" he said, "not gone with the others?" He said it with a smile, and yet it raised a commotion in his mind. If he had not gone

with the others, Mr. Brownlow naturally concluded it must be for Sara's sake, and that the crisis was very near at hand.

"No, sir," said Powys; "in fact I thought of going in with you to the office, if you will take me. It is the fittest place for me."

Then it occurred to Mr. Brownlow that the young man had spoken and had been rejected, and the thought thrilled him through, and through, but still he tried to make light of it. "Nonsense," he said; "I did not bring you up last night to take you down this morning. You want a holiday. Don't set up for having an old head on young shoulders, but stay and enjoy yourself. I don't want you at the office to-day."

"If an old head means a wise one, I can't much boast of that," said Powys; and then he saw Sara standing in the doorway of the dining-room looking at him, and his heart melted within him. One more day! he would not say a word, not a word, however he might be tempted; and what harm could it do to any one? "I think I ought to go," he added, faintly; but the resolution had melted out of his words.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Brownlow, from the dogcart, and he waved his hand, and the mare set off at her usual pace down the avenue, waiting for no one. And Powys was left alone standing on the steps. The young men had gone who might have been in the way, and the ladies had already dispersed from the breakfast-table, some to the morning room on the other side of the hall, some up-stairs for their hats and cloaks, before straying out on their morning perambulations. And Sara, who had her housekeeping to do, save the mark! was the only creature visible to whom he turned as her father drove away. Courtesy required (so she said to herself) that she should go forward into the hall a step or two, and say something good-natured to him. "If you are not of Jack's party," she said, "you must go and help to amuse the people who are staying at home; unless you want to write or do anything, Mr. Powys. The library is on that side; shall I show you the way?"

And in a minute after he found himself following her into the room, which was the first room he had ever been in at Brownlows. It was foolish of Sara,—it was a little like the way in which she had treated him before. Her own heart was beating more quickly than usual, and yet she was chiefly curious to know what he would do, what he would say. There was something of the eagerness of an experiment in her mind, although she had found it very serious after he left her the last time, and anything but amusing on the previous night.

"Thanks," said poor Powys, whose head was turning round and round; "I ought to have gone to the office. I am better there than here."

"That is not very complimentary to us," said Sara, with a little nervous laugh.

And then he turned and looked at her. She

was making a fool of him, as Jack would have said. She was torturing him, playing with him, making her half-cruel, half-rash experiment. "You should not say so," he said, with vehemence,—"you know better. You should not tempt me to behave like an idiot. You know I am ready enough to do it. If I were not an idiot I should never have come here again."

"Not when my father brought you!" said Sara—"not when I—but I think you are rude, Mr. Powys; I will leave you to write your letters, and when you have finished you will find us all up-stairs."

With that she vanished, leaving the young man in such a confusion of mind as words would ill describe. He was angry, humiliated, vexed with himself, rapt into a kind of ecstacy. He did not know if he was most wretched or happy. Everything forbade him saying another word to her; and yet had not her father brought him, as she said? was not she herself surrounding him with subtle sweet temptation? He threw himself down in a chair and tried to think. When that would not do, he got up and began to pace about the room. Then he rushed suddenly to the door, not to fly away from the place, or to throw himself at Sara's feet, as might have been supposed. What he did was to make a wild dash at his travelling-bag, which had been packed and brought into the hall. It was still standing there, a monument of his irresolution. He plunged at it, seized it, carried it into the library, and there unpacked it again with nervous vehemence. Any one who should have come in and seen his collars and handkerchiefs scattered about on the floor would have thought Powys mad. But at length, when he had got to the bottom of the receptacle, his object became apparent. From thence he produced a bundle of papers, yellow and worn, and tied up with a ribbon. When he had disinterred them, it was not without a blush, though there was nobody to see, that he packed up everything again in the capacious travelling-bag. He had gone into Mr. Brownlow's library because Sara took him there, without a thought of anything to do, but suddenly here was his work ready for him. He sat down in Mr. Brownlow's chair, and opened out the papers before him, and read and arranged and laid them out in order. When he had settled them according to his satisfaction, he made another pause to think, and then began to write. It was a letter which demanded thought; or at least it appeared so, for he wrote it hotly three times over, and tore it up each time; and on the fourth occasion, which was the last, wrote slowly, pausing over his sentences and biting his nails. The letter which cost all this trouble was not very long. Judging by the size of it, anybody might have written it in five minutes; but Powys felt his hand trembling and his brain throbbing with the exertion when he had done. Then he folded it up carefully and put it into an envelope, and addressed it to Mr. Brownlow, leaving it with the bundle of papers on his employer's writing-table. When he had accom-

plished this he sat for some time irresolute, contemplating his packet on the table, and pondering what should follow. He had put it to the touch to win or lose, but in the mean time what was he to do? She had said he would find them up-stairs. She had implied that he would be expected there; and to spend the day beside her would have been a kind of heaven to him; but that was a paradise which he had himself forfeited. He could not be in her company now as any other man might. He had said too much, had committed himself too deeply. He had betrayed the secret which another man more reticent might have kept, undisclosed in words, and it was impossible for him to be with her as another might. Even she, though she had never said a word to him that could be construed into encouragement, except those half-dozen words at the library door, was different towards him and other men. She was conscious too; she remembered what he had said. He and she could not be together without remembering it, without carrying on, articulately or inarticulately, that broken interview. Powys did the only thing that remained to him to do. He did not bound forth in the track of the dog-cart, and follow it to Masterton, though that would not have been difficult to him; but he went out into the park, and roamed all about the house in widening circles, hearing sometimes the crack of the guns in the distance, sometimes in alleys close at hand the sound of voices, sometimes catching, as he thought, the very rustle of Sara's dress. He avoided them with much care and pains, and yet he would have been glad to meet them; glad to come upon the shooting party, though he kept far from the spot where he had heard they were to meet some of the ladies and lunch. It was not for him to seek a place among them. Thus he wandered about, not feeling forlorn or disconsolate, as a man might be supposed to do under such circumstances, but, on the contrary, excited and hopeful. He had set forth what he felt was his best claim to consideration before her father. If Mr. Brownlow had not treated him with such inconceivable favour and indulgence, he never would have ventured upon this. But he had been favoured, — he had been encouraged. Grace had been shown to him enough to turn any young man's head, and he knew no reason for it. And at last he had ventured to lay before Mr. Brownlow those distant problematical claims to gentility which were all the inheritance he had, and to tell him what was in his mind. He was not a victim kept out of Paradise. He was a pilgrim of hope, keeping the gates in sight, and feeling, permitting himself to feel, as if they might open any moment and he might be called in.

While this was going on, it happened to him, as it happens so often, to come direct in the way of the very meeting which he had so carefully avoided. Turning round the corner of a great old yew, hanging rich with scarlet berries, he came all of a sudden, and without any warning, upon Sara herself, walking quickly from

the village with a little basket in her hand. If it was difficult to meet her with a body-guard of ladies in the shelter of her father's house, it may be supposed what it was to meet her in the silence, without another soul in sight, her face flaming with sudden recognition and confusion. Powys stood still, and for a moment speculated whether he should not fly; but it was only that moment of consideration that fled, and he found himself turning by her side, and taking her basket from her hand. She was no more mistress of the situation than he was: she was taken by surprise. The calm with which she had led the way into the library that morning, secure in her office of mistress of the house, had vanished away. She began hurriedly, eagerly, to say where she had been, and how it happened that she was returning alone. "The rest went off to the Rectory," she said. "Have you seen it? I think it is such a pretty house. They went to see Fanny Hardcastle. You have met her — I know you have, or I would not have mentioned her," said Sara, with a breathless desire to hear her own voice, which was unlike her. The sound of it gave her a little courage, and perhaps if she spoke a little loud and fast, it might attract some stray member of the party who might be wandering near. But no one came; and there were the two together, alone, in the position of all others most difficult in the circumstances — the green, silent park around them, not an eye to see nor an ear to hear; the red October sunshine slanting across their young figures, catching the ripple in Sara's hair as it had done that day, never to be forgotten, on which he first saw her. This was how fate or fortune, or some good angel or some wicked fairy, defeated Powys's prudent intention of keeping out of harm's way.

"But I wonder you did not go with Jack," Sara resumed. "I should, if I had been you. Not that I should care to kill the poor birds — but it seems to come natural at this time of the year. Did you have much sport in Canada? or do you think it stupid when people talk to you of Canada? Everybody does, I know, as soon as they hear you have been there."

"You never could say anything that was stupid," said Powys, and then he paused, for he did not mean to get upon dangerous ground — honestly, he did not mean it, if circumstances had not been too strong for him. "Canada is a kind of common ground," he said. "It is a good thing to begin conversation on. It is not easy to exhaust it; but people are sadly ignorant," he added, with lively colonial feeling. He was scornful, in short, of the ignorance he met with. Even Mr. Brownlow talked, he could not but recollect, like a charity-school boy on this subject, and he took refuge in his nationality as a kind of safeguard.

"Yes, I know I am very ignorant," said Sara, with humility. "Tell me about Canada. I should like to learn."

These words shook Powys sadly. It did not occur to him that she was as glad as he was to

plunge into a foreign subject. There sounded something soft and confiding in the tone, and his heart gave a leap, as it were, towards her. "And I should like to teach you," he said, a little too warmly, and then stopped short, and then began hastily again. "Miss Brownlow, I think I will carry your basket home and leave you by yourself. I cannot be near without remembering things, and saying things. Don't despise me — I could not bear to think you despised me." He said this with growing agitation, but he did not quicken his steps or make any attempt to leave her; he only looked at her piteously, clasping the slender handle of her little basket in both his hands.

"Why should I despise you, Mr. Powys? I don't like Americans," said Sara, demurely; "but you are not American — you are English, like all the rest of us. Tell me about Niagara and the Indians, and the backwoods and the skating and the snow. You see I am not quite so ignorant. And then your little sisters and your mother, do they like being at home? Tell me their names and how old they are," said Sara, herself becoming a little tremulous. "I am fond of little girls."

And then there ensued a breathless tremendous pause. He would have fled if he could, but there was no possibility of flight; and in a moment there flashed before him all the evidences of Mr. Brownlow's favour. Would he refuse him this supreme gift and blessing? Why had he brought him here if he would refuse him? Thus Powys broke down again, and finally. He poured out his heart, giving up all attempt at self-control when the tide had set in. He told how he had been keeping out of the way — the way of temptation. He described to her how he had been trying to command himself. He told her the ground she trod on was fairy land; the air she breathed musical and celestial; the place she lived in, paradise; that he hoped nothing, asked for nothing, but only to be allowed to tell her that she was — not an angel — for he was too much in earnest to think of hackneyed expressions — but the only creature in the world for whom he had either eyes or thoughts. All this poured upon Sara as she walked along softly with downcast eyes along the grassy path. It poured upon her, a perfect flood of adulation, sweet flattery, folly, and delirium — insane, and yet quite true. And she listened and had not a word to say. Indeed he did not ask for a word; he made her no petition; he emptied out his heart before her like a libation poured to the gods; and then suddenly became silent, tremulous, and hoarse as his passion worked itself out.

It was all so sudden, and the passion was so real, that they were both rapt by it, and went on in the silence after he had ceased, without knowing, until the impetus and rush of the outburst had in a measure worn out. Then Sara woke up. She had been quite quiet, pale, half frightened, wholly entranced. When she woke up she grew scarlet with sudden blushes; and they both raised their eyes at the same

moment and found that, unawares, they had come in sight of the house. Powys fell back at the sight with a pang of dismay and consternation; but it gave Sara courage. They were no longer entirely alone, and she regained her self-command.

"Mr. Powys," she said, tremulously, "I don't know what to say to you. I am not so good as that. I — I don't know what to say. You have not asked me anything. I — I have no answer to give."

"It is because I want to ask everything," said poor Powys; "but I know — I know you can have nothing to say."

"Not now," said Sara, under her breath; and then she held out her hand suddenly, perhaps only for her basket. There was nobody at the windows, heaven be praised, as she afterwards said to herself, but not until she had rushed up to her own room, and pulled off that glove, and looked at it with scarlet cheeks, and put it stealthily away. No, thank Heaven! even Angelique was at the other side of the house at a window which looked out upon the innocent shrubberies. Only the placid, silent house, blank and vacant, had been the witness. Was it a seal of anything, a pledge of anything, or only a vague touch, for which she was not responsible, that had fallen upon Sara's glove?

Mr. Brownlow had gone away, his heart positively aching with expectation and anxiety. He did not know what might happen while he was gone. It might be more than life or death to him, as much more as honour or dishonour go beyond mere life and death; and yet he could not stay and watch. He had to nerve himself to that last heroism of letting everything take its chance, and going on with his work whatever happened. He went to the office with his mind racked by this anxiety, and got through his work all the same, nobody being the wiser. As he returned, a little incident for the moment diverted him from his own thoughts. This was the sight of the carrier's cart standing at Mrs. Swayne's door, and Mrs. Swayne's lodger in the act of mounting into it with the assistance of a chair. Mr. Brownlow, as he passed in the dogcart, could not but notice this. He could not but observe how pale and ill she looked. He was interested in them partly with that displeased and repellant interest excited by Jack's "entanglement," partly because of Pamela's face, which reminded him of something, and partly — he could not tell why. Mrs. Preston stumbled a little as she mounted up, and Mr. Brownlow, who was waiting for old Betty to open the gate, sprang down from the dogcart, being still almost as active as ever, and went across the road to assist. He took off his hat to her with the courtesy which all his family possessed, and asked if she was going away. "You do not look well enough to be setting out on a journey," he said, a little moved by the sight of the pale old woman mounting into that uneasy conveyance. "I hope you are not going alone." This he said, although he could see she was going alone, and

that poor little Pamela's eyes were big with complaint and reproach and trouble. Somehow he felt as if he should like to take the little creature home with him, and pet and cherish her, though, of course, as the cause of Jack's entanglement, nothing should have made him notice her at all.

But Mrs. Preston looked at him fiercely with her kindled eyes, and rejected his aid. "Thank you," she said abruptly, "I don't want any help—thank you. I am quite able to travel, and I prefer to be alone."

"In that case, there is nothing further to say," said Mr. Brownlow, politely; and then his heart melted because of little Pamela, and he added almost in spite of himself, "I hope you are not going away."

"Only to come back," said Mrs. Preston, significantly—"only to come back; and, Mr. Brownlow, I am glad to have a chance of telling you that then we shall meet again."

"It will give me much pleasure, I am sure," he said, taking off his hat, but he stared, as Pamela perceived. Meet again! what had he to do with the woman? He was surprised, and yet he could have laughed. As if he should care for meeting her! And then he went away, followed by her fierce look, and walked up the avenue, dismissing the dogcart. The act might make him a little late for dinner, but on the whole he was glad to be late. At least there could be no confidences made to him before he had been refreshed with food and wine, and he wanted all the strength that could be procured in that or any other way. Thus it was that he had not time to go into the library before dinner, but went up-stairs at once and dressed, and down-stairs at once into the drawing-room, looking at Sara and at his young guest with an eye whose keenness baffled itself. There was something new in their faces, but he could not tell what it was; he saw a certain gleam of something that had passed, but it was not distinct enough to explain itself, not having been, as will be perceived, distinct at all, at least on the more important side. He kept looking at them, but their faces conveyed no real information, and he could not take his child aside and ask her what it was, as her mother might have done. Accordingly after dinner, instead of going up to the drawing-room and perplexing himself still further with anxious looks, he went into the library. The suspense had to be borne whether he liked it or not, and he was not a man to make any grievance about it. The smile which he had been wearing in deference to the usages of society faded from his face when he entered that sheltering place. His countenance fell into the haggard lines which Powys had not observed in the morning. A superficial spectator would have supposed that now he was alone his distresses had come back to him; but on the contrary his worn and weary look was not an evidence of increased pain—it was a sign of ease and rest. There he did not need to conceal the anxiety which was racking him. In this state

of mind, letting himself go, as it were, taking off the restraints which had been binding him, he went into the library, and found Powys's letter, and the bundle of papers that were put up with it, placed carefully on his table before his chair.

The sight gave him a shock which, being all alone and at his ease, he did not attempt to conceal. The light seemed to go out of his eyes, his lip drooped a little, a horrible gleam of suffering went over his face: now no doubt the moment had come. He even hesitated and went away to the other extremity of the room, and turned his back upon the evidence which was to seal his fate. Then it occurred to him how simple-minded the young fellow was—to thrust his evidences thus, as it were, into the hands of the man whose interest it was to destroy them!—and a certain softening came over him, a thrill of kindness, almost of positive affection for the youth who was going to ruin him. Poor fellow!—he would be sorry—and then Sara would still have it, and he would be good to her. Mr. Brownlow's mind was in this incoherent state when he came back to the table, and, stealing himself for the effort, sat down before the fated papers. He undid the ribbon with trembling hands. Powys's letter was written on his own paper, with "Brownlows" on it in fantastic Gothic letters, according to Sara's will and pleasure; and a thrill of anger shot over him as he perceived this. Strange that as he approached the very climax of his fate he should be able to be moved by such troubles! Then Mr. Brownlow opened the letter. It was very short, as has been said, and this was the communication which had cost the young man so much toil:—

"DEAR SIR, — It seems strange to write to you thus calmly, at your own table, on your own paper ['Ah! then he felt that!'] Mr. Brownlow said to himself, and to say what I am going to say. You have brought me here notwithstanding what I told you, but the time is past when I could come and be like any common acquaintance. I wanted to leave to-day to save my honesty while I could, but you would not let me. I cannot be under the same roof with Miss Brownlow, and see her daily, and behave like a stock or stone. I have no right to address her, but she *knows*, and I cannot help myself. I want to lay before you the only claim I have to be looked upon as anything more than your clerk. It was my hope to work into a higher position by my own exertions, and then to find it out. But in case it should count for anything with you, I put it before you now. It could not make me her equal; but if by any wonderful chance that should seem possible in your eyes, which to mine seems but the wildest yet dearest dream, I want you to know that perhaps if it could be traced out we are a little less lowly than we seem.

I enclose my father's papers, which we have always kept with great care. He took care of

them himself, and told me before he died that I ought to find my fortune in them. I never had much hope of that, but I send them to you, for they are all I have. I do not ask you to accept of me, to give me your daughter. I know it looks like insanity. I feel it is insane. But you have been either very very kind or very cruel to me. You have brought me here — you have made it life or death to me. She has everything that heart of man can desire. I have — what poor hope there may be in these papers. For God's sake look at them, and look at me, and tell me if I am mad to hope. Tell me to go or stay, and I will obey you — but let it be clear and definitive, for mercy's sake.

C. I. POWYS.

Mr. Brownlow was touched by the letter. He was touched by its earnestness, and he was also touched by its simplicity. He was in so strange a mood that it brought even the moisture to his eye. "To have everything I possess in the world in his power, and yet to write like this," he said to himself, and drew a long sigh, which was as much relief as apprehension. "She will still have it all, and he deserves to have her," Mr. Brownlow thought to himself; and opened up the yellow papers with a strange mixture of pain and satisfaction which even he could not understand.

He was a long time over them. They were letters chiefly, and they took a great many things for granted of which Mr. Brownlow was completely ignorant, and referred to many events altogether unknown to him. He was first puzzled, then almost disappointed, then angry. It seemed like trifling with him. These could not be the papers Powys meant to enclose. There were letters from some distressed mother to a son who had made a foolish marriage, and there were letters from the son, pleading that love might still be left to him, if not anything else, and that no evil impression might be formed of his Mary. Who was his Mary? Who was the writer? What had he to do with Brownlows and Sara and Phoebe Thomson's fortune? For a long time Mr. Brownlow toiled on, hoping to come to something which bore upon his own case. The foregone conclusion was so strong in his mind, that he grew angry as he proceeded, and found his search in vain. Powys was trifling with him, putting him off — thrusting this utterly unimportant correspondence into his hands, instead of confiding, as he had thought, his true proofs to him. This distrust, as Mr. Brownlow imagined it, irritated him in the most curious way. Ask his advice, and not intrust him with the true documents that proved the case! Play with his good sense, and doubt his integrity! It wounded him with a certain keen professional sting. He had worked himself up to the point of defrauding the just heir; but to suspect that the papers would not be safe in his hands was a suggestion that cut him to the heart. He was very angry, and he had so far

forgotten the progress of time that, when he rang sharply to summon some one, the bell rang through all the hushed echoes of the house, and a servant — half asleep, and considerably frightened — came gaping, after a long interval to the library door.

"Where is Mr Powys?" said Mr. Brownlow. "If he is in the drawing-room give him my compliments, and ask him to be so good as to step down here for a few minutes to me."

"Mr Powys, sir?" said the man — "the gentleman as came yesterday, sir? The drawing-room is all shut up, sir, long ago. The ladies is gone to bed, but some of the gentlemen is in the smoking-room, and I can see if he's there."

"Gone to bed!" said Mr. Brownlow; "why were they in such a hurry?" and then he looked at his watch and found, to his great surprise, that it was past midnight. A vague wonder struck him once again whether his mind was getting impaired. The suggestion was like a passing stab in the dark dealt him by an unseen enemy. He kept staring at the astonished servant, and then he continued sharply, "Go and see if he is in the smoking-room, or if not, in his own room. Ask him to come to me."

Powys had gone up-stairs late, and was sitting thinking, unable to rest. He had been near her the whole evening, and though they had not exchanged many words, there had been a certain sense between them that they were not as the others were. Once or twice their eyes had met, and fallen beneath each other's glance. It was nothing, and yet it was sweeter than anything certain and definite. And now he sat and thought. The night had crept on, and had become chilly and ghostly, and his mind was in a state of strange excitement. What was to come of it all? What could come of it? When the servant came to his door at that late hour, the young man started with a thrill of apprehension, and followed him down-stairs almost trembling, feeling his heart sink within him; for so late and so peremptory a summons seemed an omen of evil. Mr. Brownlow had collected himself before Powys came into the room, and received him with an apology. "I am sorry to disturb you so late. I was not aware it was so late; but I want to understand this" — he said; and then he waited till the servant had left the room, and pointed to a chair on the other side of the table "Sit down," he said, "and tell me what this means."

"What it means?" said Powys, taken by surprise.

"Yes, sir, what it means," said Mr. Brownlow, hoarsely. "I may guess what your case is; but you must know that these are not the papers to support it. Who is the writer of these letters? who is the Mary he talks of? and what has it all to do with you?"

"It has everything to do with me," said Powys. "The letters were written by my

father—the Mary he speaks of is my mother”—

“Your mother?” said Mr. Brownlow, with a sharp exclamation, which sounded like an oath to the young man’s astonished ears; and then he thrust the papers away with trembling hands, and folded his arms on the table, and looked intently into Powys’s face. “What was your mother’s name?”

“My mother’s name was Mary Christian,” said Powys, wondering; “but the point is—Good heavens! what is the matter? what do you mean?”

His surprise was reasonable enough. Mr. Brownlow had sprung to his feet; he had dashed his two clenched hands through the air, and said, “Impostor!” through his teeth. That was the word—there could be no mistake about it—“Impostor!” upon which Powys too jumped up, and faced him with an expression wavering between resentment and surprise, repeating more loudly in his consternation, “What do you mean?”

But the young man could only stand and look on with increasing wonder when he saw Mr. Brownlow sink into his chair, and bury his face in his hands, and tremble like a palsied old man. Something like a sob even came from his breast. The relief was so amazing, so unlooked for, that at the first touch it was pain. But Powys, standing by, knew nothing of all this. He stood, not knowing whether to be offended, hesitating, looking for some explanation; and no doubt the time seemed longer to him than it really was. When Mr. Brownlow raised his head his face was perfectly colourless, like the face of a man who had passed through some dreadful experiment. He waved his hand to his young companion, and it was a minute before he could speak.

“I beg your pardon,” he said. “It is all a mistake—an entire mistake, on my part. I did not know what I was saying. It was a sudden pain. But never mind, I’m better—. What did you mean me to learn from these papers?” he added, after a pause, with a forced smile.

Then Powys knew his fate. There was a change which could not be described. In an instant, tone, look, manner, everything was altered. It was his master who said these last words to him; his employer, very kind and just, but unapproachable as a king. One moment before, and Mr. Brownlow had been in his power, he did not know how or why; and in an instant, still without his knowing wherefore, his power had totally departed. Powys saw this in all the darkness of utter ignorance. His consternation was profound and his confusion. In a moment his own presumption, his own hopelessness, the misery of loss and disappointment, overwhelmed him, and yet not a word bearing upon the real matter at issue had been said.

“They are my father’s papers,” said poor Powys. “I thought—that is, I supposed—I hoped there might be some indication in them—I am sorry if I have troubled you unnecessarily. He belonged to a good family, and I

imagined I might perhaps [have reclaimed—but it doesn’t matter. If that is what you think”—

“Oh yes, I see,” said Mr. Brownlow; “you can leave them, and perhaps another time—But in the mean time, if you feel inclined, my groom can drive you down to-morrow morning. I am not sure that I shall be going myself; and I will not detain you any longer to-night.”

“Very well, sir,” said Powys. He stood for a moment looking for something more—for some possible softening; but no word of kindness came except an abrupt good-night. Good-night—yes, good-night to everything—hope, love, happiness, fortune. Farewell to them all; and Sara, she who had almost seemed to belong to him. It seemed to Powys as if he was walking on his own heart as he left the room, trampling on it, stamping it down, crying fool, fool! Poor fellow, no doubt he had been a fool; but it was a hard awakening, and the fault, after all was not his own.

Mr. Brownlow, however, was too much occupied with his own deliverance to think of Powys. He said that new name over to himself again and again, to realise what had happened. Mary Christian—Mary Christian—surely he had heard it before; but so long as it was not Phoebe Thomson what did it matter who was his mother? Not Phoebe Thomson. She was dead perhaps—dead, and in a day or two more it would not matter. Two days, that was all—for it was now October. She might turn up a week hence if she would; but now he was free—free, quite free; without any wrongdoing or harm to anybody; Brownlows and everything else his own. Could it be true? Mary Christian—that was the name. And she came from the Isle of Man. But there was plenty of time to inquire into all that. The thing in the mean time was that he was released. When he got up and roused himself he found he could scarcely stand. He had been steady enough during all the time of his trial; but the sudden relief took all his forces from him. He shook from head to foot, and had to hold by the tables and chairs as he went out. And he left the lamp burning in forlorn dreariness on the library table. The exertion of walking up-stairs was almost too much for him. He had no attention to give to the common things surrounding him. All his powers, all his senses were absorbed in the one sensation of being free. Only once as he went up-stairs did his ordinary faculties return to him, as it were, for a moment. It was when he was passing the great window in the staircase, and glancing out saw the white moonlight glimmering over all the park, and felt the cold of the night. Then it occurred to him to wonder if the pale old woman whom he had seen getting into the carrier’s cart could be travelling through this cold night. Poor old soul! He could not but think for the moment how chilly and frozen it would be. And then he bethought himself that he was safe, might go where he liked, do what he liked, had nobody menacing him, no enemy looking on to

watch an opportunity — and no harm done! Thus Mr. Brownlow paused in the weakness of deliverance, and his heart melted within him. He made, not vows to the saints of new churches or big tapers, but secret, tender resolutions in his heart. For this awful danger escaped, how should he show his gratitude to God? He was himself delivered, and goodness seemed to come back to him, his natural impulse. He had been saved from doing wrong, and without doing wrong all he wanted had been secured to him. What reason had not he to be good to everybody; to praise God by serving his neighbour? This was the offering of thanksgiving he proposed to render. He did not at the moment think of young Powys sitting at his window looking out on the same moonlight, very dumb and motionless and heart stricken, thinking life henceforward a dreary desert. No harm was done, and Mr. Brownlow was glad. But it did not occur to him to offer any healing in Powys's case. If there was to be a victim at all, it was best that he should be the victim. Had he not brought it on himself?

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR VISITOR.

Powys was proud, and his pride was up in arms. He slept little that night, and while he sat and brooded over it all, the hopelessness and folly of his hope struck him with tenfold distinctness. Early next morning, before any one was up, he came down the great silent staircase, and left the house in the morning sunshine. The distance to Masterton was nothing to him. It was the second time he had left the house with despair in his heart. It would be the last time, he said to himself as he paused to look up at the closed windows; he would never suffer himself to be deluded — never be led away by deceptive hopes again; and he went away, not without bitterness, yet with a certain stern sense of the inevitable which calmed down his passion. Whenever he had been in his right senses, he had felt that this must be the end; and the thing for him now was to bear it with such courage and steadiness as he could muster to face the emergency. It was all over at least. There were no intermediary tortures to go through, and there was always some comfort in that.

His absence was not taken any notice of at the breakfast-table, though Sara gave many a wondering glance at the door, and had a puzzled, half-irritated look upon her face, which some of her friends perceived, though her father did not observe it. He, for his part, came down radiant. He looked weary, and explained that he had not slept very well; but he had never been in more genial spirits, never more affectionate or full of schemes for every body's pleasure. He called Jack apart to tell him that, after looking over matters, he found he could let him have the hunter he wanted, a horse upon which

his heart was set. When they were all talking at table in the usual morning flutter of letters and mutual bits of news, Mr. Brownlow intimated that he had thoughts of taking Sara to Italy, where she had so long desired to go; "making up a party, and enjoying ourselves," he said. Sara looked up with a gleam of delight, but her eyes were immediately after diverted to the door, where somebody was coming in — somebody, but not the person she was looking for. As for Jack, he received the intimation of his father's liberality in perplexed silence; for if he was to marry, and sink into the position of a clerk in Masterton, hunters would be little in his way. But their father was too much absorbed in his own satisfaction to remark particularly how they both took his proposed kindness. He was overflowing to everybody. Though he was always kind, that morning he was kinder than ever; and the whole party brightened up under his influence, notwithstanding Jack's perplexity, and Sara's wondering impatient glances at the door. Nobody asked what had become of the stranger. Mr. Brownlow's guests were free to come to breakfast when they liked, and no notice was taken of the defaulters. The meal, however, was so merry and friendly, that everybody sat longer over it than usual. Several of the visitors were going away, and the sportsmen had laid aside their guns for the day to join the ladies in an excursion. There was plenty of time for everything; pleasant bustle, pleasant idleness, no "wretched business," as Sara said, to quicken their steps; and she was, perhaps, the only one in the party who was ill at ease. She could not make out how it was that Powys did not come. She sat and joined with forced gaiety in the general conversation, and she had not courage to ask frankly what had become of him. When they all began at last to disperse from the table, she made one feeble effort to satisfy herself. "Mr. Powys has never come down to breakfast," she said to Jack, avoiding his eye; "had not you better see if there is any reason?"

"If he is ill, perhaps, poor dear?" said Jack, with scorn. "Don't be afraid — probably he went out early; he is not the sort of fellow to fall ill."

"Probably some of you have insulted him!" said Sara, hotly, under her breath; but either Jack did not or would not hear. And she could not trust herself to look up in the face of the assembled company and ask. So she had to get up with all the rest, and go reluctantly away from the table, with a certain sense of impending misfortune upon her. A few minutes after, when she was sent for to go to her father in the library, Sara's courage failed her altogether. She felt he must have something important to say to her, something that could not be postponed. And her heart beat loudly as she went to him. When she entered the room Mr. Brownlow came forward to meet her. It struck her for the first time as he advanced that his face had changed; something that had been weighing

upon him had passed away. The lines of his mouth had relaxed and softened; he was like what he used to be. It was almost the first time she fully realised that for some time past he had not been like himself. He came forward, and before she had fully mastered her first impression, took her into his arms.

"My dear child," he said, "I have sent for you to tell you that a great burden that has been upon my mind for some time has just been taken off. You have been very good to me, Sara, very patient and obedient and sweet; and though I never told you about it in so many words, I want you to be the first to know that it has passed away."

"Thank you, papa," said Sara, looking wisely in his face. "I am sure I am very glad, though I don't know what you mean. Is it anything about —? Am I to know what it was?" And she stopped, standing so close with his arm round her, and gave him an appealing look — a look that asked far more than her words — that seemed even to see into him, and divine; but that could not be.

"It is not worth while now," he said, smoothing her hair with his hand. "It is all over; and, my darling, I want you to know also that I set you free."

"Set me free?" said Sara, in a whisper; and in spite of herself she turned very pale.

"Yes, Sara, quite free. I ask no sacrifice of you now," said Mr. Brownlow, pressing her close with his arm. "Forgive me that I ever thought of it. Even at the worst, you know I told you to consult your own heart; and now you are free, quite free. All that is at an end."

"All what?" asked Sara, under her breath; and she turned her head away from him, resisting the effort he made to look at her. "What is it you set me free from?" she continued, in a petulant tone. "If you don't tell me in words, how am I to know?"

Mr. Brownlow was startled and checked in his effusiveness, but he could not be angry with her at such a moment. "Hush," he said, still smoothing her pretty hair, "we have never had many words about it. It is all at an end. I thought it would be a relief to you to hear."

"To hear what?" cried the girl, sharply, with her head averted; and then, to her father's utter consternation, she withdrew as far as she could from his arm, and suddenly burst into tears.

Mr. Brownlow was totally taken by surprise. He had not been able to read what was going on in his daughter's heart. He could not believe now that she understood him. He put his hand upon her arm and drew her back. "You mistake me, my darling," he said; "I mean that you are quite free, Sara — quite free. It was wrong of me to ask any promise from you, and it was foolish of you to give it. But Providence, thank God, has settled that. It is all over. There is no more necessity. Can't you forgive me? You have not suffered so much from it as I have done. Before I

could have come to the point of sacrificing you" —

"Sacrificing me!" cried Sara, suddenly, flashing back upon him in a storm of passion and indignation, her cheeks scorching yet wet with tears, her big eyes swimming. "Is that all you think of? You had a right to sacrifice me if you liked — nobody would have said a word. They did it in the Bible. You might have cut me into little pieces if you liked. But oh, what right had you, how dared you to make a sacrifice of *him*?"

"*Him*!" cried Mr. Brownlow, and he took a step back in consternation and gazed at his child, who was transfigured, and a different creature. Her cheeks blazed under her tears, but she did not shrink. Weeping, blushing, wounded, ashamed, she still confronted him in the strength of some new feeling of which he had never dreamed.

"You never say a word about him!" cried Sara. "You speak of me, and you had a right to do whatever you like with me; but it is him whom you have sacrificed. He never would have thought of it but for you. He never would have come back after *that* time but for you. And then you expect me to think only of myself, and to be glad when you say I am free! How can I be free? I led him on and made him speak when he knew better. Oh, papa, you are cruel, cruel! He was doing you no harm, and you have made him wretched; and now you think it doesn't matter; but that is not the way with me!"

"Sara, are you mad?" cried Mr. Brownlow in his dismay; but Sara made him no answer. She sat down on the nearest chair, and turning round away from him, leaned her arms on the back of it, and put down her head on her arms. He could see that she was crying, but that was all; and nothing he could say, neither consolations, nor excuses, nor reproofs, would induce her to raise her head. It was the first quarrel she had ever had with the father who had been father and mother both to her; and the acuteness of her first disappointment, the first cross in her pleasant life, the unexpected humiliating end of her first dreams, roused a wild rebellion in her heart. She was wroth, and her heart was sore, and outraged. When he was called away by Willis about some business, he left her there, still twisted round upon her chair, with her face upon her folded arms, spending her very soul in tears. But the moment he was gone she sprang up and fled to the shelter of her own room. "They shall find that it is not the way with me!" she said to herself, and gave herself up wilfully to thoughts of the banished lover who had been treated so cruelly. On that day, at least, Sara avenged poor Powys's wrongs upon the company in general. She had a headache, and could not join in their excursion. And her eyes were still red with crying when next she was seen down-stairs. Mr. Brownlow tried to persuade himself it was too violent to last, and thought

it prudent to take no more notice, but was very obsequious and conciliatory all the evening to his naughty child. Even when it was thus brought before him, he did not make much account of the sacrifice of Powys. And he thought Sara would come round and see things by-and-by in their true light. But all the same the shock had a great effect upon him, and damped him strangely in the first effusion of his joy.

But he was kind, kinder to everybody in his gratitude to Providence. Except that he had no pity for Powys, who seemed to him to have been all this time a kind of impostor, his good-fortune softened his heart to every other creature. When he met Pamela on the road, though Pamela was the one other individual in the world with whom Jack's father was not in perfect charity, he yet stopped kindly to speak to her. "I hope your mother has not gone upon a long journey. I hope she is coming back," he said in a fatherly way. "She should not have left you by yourself alone."

"It was on business," said Pamela, not daring to lift her eyes. "She said she would be soon back."

"Then you must take great care of yourself while she is away," Mr. Brownlow said, and took off his hat as he left her, with the courtesy which was natural to him. He was so kind to everybody, and that day in particular he looked after the pretty creature with a pang of compunction. He did not care much for Powys, but he was sorry for Pamela. "Poor little thing!" he said to himself—for while he said it he thought of launching Jack, as it was Jack's ambition to be launched, upon public life, getting him into the House of Commons, sending him out to the world, where he would soon forget his humble little love. Mr. Brownlow felt that this was what would happen, and his heart for the moment ached over poor Pamela. She was so pretty, and soft, and young, and then she reminded him—though of whom he could not quite say.

Thus the day went on; and the next day Mr. Brownlow went to the office, where everything was as usual. He saw by his first glance that Powys was at his desk, and he was pleased though he took no notice. Perhaps a certain unacknowledged compunction, after all, was in his mind. He even sent for Mr. Wrinkell and consulted him as to the fitness of the junior clerk for a more responsible post. Mr. Wrinkell was a cautious man, but he could not conceal a certain favouritism. "Ever since that first little cloud that passed over him, he has been worth any two in the office," he said—"any two, sir; but I don't think he is happy in his mind."

"Not happy?" said Mr. Brownlow; "but you know, Wrinkell, we cannot be expected to remedy that."

"No, of course not," said Mr. Wrinkell; "it may be only seriousness, and then it will be all the better for him; but if it is not that, it is something that has gone wrong. At his age a cross in some fancy is enough sometimes

—not that I have any ground for saying so; but still I think sometimes when I look at him that some little affair of that description may have gone wrong."

"It is possible enough," said Mr. Brownlow with a smile, which was somewhat grim; "fortunately that sort of thing don't kill."

"N-no," said Mr. Wrinkell, gravely; but he did not say any more, and his employer did not feel more comfortable after he was gone; and Powys was promoted accordingly, and did his business with a certain sternness, never moving, never looking round when Mr. Brownlow came into the office, taking no notice of him; till the lawyer, who had come to have a certain fondness for the young man, felt hurt and vexed, he could not have told why. He was glad to see him there—glad he was too manful and stout-hearted to have disappeared and abandoned his work; but he would have felt grateful and indebted to him had he once raised his head and seemed conscious of his presence. Powys, however, was no more than human, and there was a limit to his powers. He was busy with his work, but yet the sense of his grievance was full in his mind. He was saying to himself, with less vehemence but more steadiness, what Sara had said. He never would have thought of it but for Mr. Brownlow—never would have gone back after that time but for him; and his heart was sore, and he could not forgive him like a Christian—not the first day.

However, they had a cheerful evening at Brownlows that night. There were more reasons than one why it should be a night of triumph for the master of the house. His terrors had all died out of his mind. The cloud that had so long overshadowed him had vanished, and it was the last day! Nobody knew it but himself; doubtless nobody was thinking of any special crisis. Mr. Brownlow went, he scarcely knew from what feeling, in a kind of half-conscious bravado, to see old Mrs. Fennell, and found her still raving of something which seemed to him no longer alarming, but the merest idiocy. He was so genial and charitable that he even thought of Nancy and her troubles, and told her she must get a nurse to help her, and then she could be free to go and see her friends. "For I think you told me you had some friends," Mr. Brownlow said, with an amiability that cowed Nancy, and made her tremble. Nancy Christian! When he heard her mistress call her, he suddenly recollected the other name which he had seen so lately, and came back to ask her about a Mary Christian of the Isle of Man, and got certain particulars which were startling to him. Nancy could tell him who she was. She was a farmer's daughter related to the Fennells, and had married a gentleman's son." The information gave Mr. Brownlow a curious shock, but he was a good deal exhausted with various emotions, and did not feel that much. So he went home carrying a present for Sara—a pretty locket—though she had too many of such trinkets.

already. He meant to tell her it was an anniversary, though not what anniversary it was. And he took his cheque-book and wrote a cheque for a large amount for the chief charities in Masterton, but did not tear it out, leaving it there locked up with the book till to-morrow, for it was late, and the banks were shut. If any poor supplicant had come to him that day with a petition, right or wrong, its prayer would have been granted. Mr. Brownlow had received a great deliverance from God — so he phrased it — and it was but his simple duty to deliver others if possible in sign of his gratitude. All but young Powys, whom he had deluded, and who had deluded him; all but Phoebe Thomson, who was just about to be consigned to oblivion, and about whom and whose fortunes henceforward no soul would have any inducement to care.

Sara, too, had softened a little out of that first rebellion which Mr. Brownlow knew could not last. She was not particularly cordial to her father, but still she wore the locket he had given her in sign of amity, and exerted herself at dinner to amuse the guests. Fresh people had arrived that day, and the house was very full — so full, that Mr. Brownlow had no chance of a moment's conversation with his children, except by positively detaining them after everybody was gone, as Jack had done on the night of Powys's arrival. He took this step, though it was a very decided one, for he felt it necessary that some clear understanding should be come to. And he had such bribes to offer them. After everybody else had retired, Jack and Sara came to him in the library. This room, which a little while ago had been the least interesting in the house, was gradually collecting associations round it, and becoming the scene of all the most important incidents in this eventful period of the family life. Jack came in half careless, half anxious, thinking something might be about to be said about his personal affairs, yet feeling that his father had no particular right to interfere, and no power to decide. And Sara was sulky. It is an ugly word, but it was the actual state of the case. She was injured, and sore in her heart, and yet she was too young and too much accustomed to her own way to consider the matter desperate, or to have reached the dignity of despair. So she was only sullen, offended, disposed to make herself disagreeable. It was not a promising audience whom Mr. Brownlow thus received with smiles in his own room. It was only about eleven o'clock, his impatience having hastened the hour of general separation; and the young people were not perfectly pleased with that, any more than with his other arrangements. Both the lamps in the library were lighted, and there was a fire burning. The room, too, seemed to have brightened up. Mr. Brownlow put Sara into one of the big chairs, with a tenderness which almost overcame her, and himself took up an Englishman's favourite position on the hearth.

"I want to speak to you both," he said. He

was eager, and yet there was a certain embarrassment in his tone. "This is an important night in my life. I can't enter into particulars — indeed there is no room for them — but I have been waiting for this night to speak seriously to you both. Jack, I doubt whether you will ever do much at the business. I should have liked had you given your mind to it, to keep it up; for a business like mine is a capital backing to a fortune, and without it you can't hope to be rich — not rich beyond competence, you know. However, it does not seem to me, I confess, that business, of our kind at least, is your turn."

"I was not aware I had been unsatisfactory, sir," said Jack. "I don't think I have been doing worse than usual" —

"That is not what I mean," said Mr. Brownlow. "I mean you are better adapted for something else. I wrote to my old friend Lord Dewsbury about you to-day. If anything should turn up in the way he once proposed, I should not mind releasing you altogether from the office — and increasing your allowance. It could not be a great deal, recollect; but still if that is what you would really give your mind to — I should see that you had enough to keep your place."

Jack's eyes had gradually brightened as his father proceeded. Now he made a step forward, and a gleam of delight came into his face. "Do you really mean it?" he cried; "it is awfully good of you. Of course I should give my mind to it. It is what I most care for in the world — except — the business" — Jack paused, and other things besides the business came into his mind. "If you are making a sacrifice to please me" — he began slowly.

"We have all to make sacrifices," said Mr. Brownlow. "A few days ago I thought I should have had to make a sacrifice of a very different kind. Providence has been good to me, and now I should like to do the best for my children. There are only two of you," said Mr. Brownlow, softening. "It would be hard if I did not do all I could to make the best of your lives."

And then there was a pause. He meant what he said, and he had always been a good father, and they loved him dearly. But at this moment, though he was offering to his son the realisation of his dreams, they both distrusted him, and he felt it. They looked at him askance, these two young creatures who owed everything to him. They were doubtful of his great offers. They thought he was attempting to bribe them, beguile them out of the desire of their hearts. And he stood looking at them, feeling in his own heart that he was not natural but plausible and conciliatory, thinking of their good, no doubt, but also of his own will. He felt this, but still he was angry that they should feel it. And it was with still more conscious embarrassment that he began again.

"The time has come in my own life when I am ready to make a change," he said. "I want a little rest. I want to go away and see

you enjoy yourselves, and take a holiday before I die. I can afford it after working so long. I want to take you to Italy, my darling, where you have so long wanted to go; but I should like to establish things on a new footing first. I should make some arrangement about the business; unless, indeed, Jack has changed his ideas. Public life is very uncertain. If you think," said Mr. Brownlow, not without a certain tinge of desision in his tone, "that you would rather be Brownlow of Masterton, with a safe, long-established hereditary connection to fall back upon, it is not for me to precipitate your decision. You can take time and think over what I say."

"There is no occasion for taking time to think," said Jack, with a little irritation. But there he stopped. It was getting towards midnight; the house was quiet; everything was still, except the wind sighing outside among the falling leaves. Sara, who was the least occupied of the three, had thought she heard the sound of wheels in the avenue, but it was so unlikely at that time of the night that she concluded it must be only the wind. As they all stood there, however, silent, the quiet was suddenly broken. All at once, into the midst of their conversation, came the sound of the great house-bell, rung violently. It made them all start, so unexpected was the sound, and so perfect was the stillness. At that hour who could be coming to disturb them? The bell was unusually large and loud, and the sound of it echoing down into the bowels, as it were, of the silent house, was startling enough. And then there was the sound of a voice outside. The library was at the back of the house; but still, when their attention was thus violently aroused, they could hear that there was a voice. And the bell rang again loudly — imperiously — wildly. Jack was the first to move. "Willis must be asleep," he said. "But who on earth can it be?" and he hastened towards the door,

to give the untimely visitor entrance. But his father called him back.

"I hear Willis moving," he said; "never mind. It must be somebody by the last train from town. Did you ask any one? There is just time to have driven over from the last train." "It must be some telegram," said Jack. "I expect nobody this week," and they all stood and waited; Sara, too, having risen from her chair. The young people were a little disturbed, though they feared nothing; and Mr. Brownlow looked at them tenderly, like a man who had nothing to fear.

"Happily we are all here," he said. "If it is a telegram, it can only be about business." He stood leaning against the mantelpiece, with his eyes fixed on the door. There was a flutter at his heart somehow, but he did not feel that he was afraid. And they could hear Willis fumbling over the door, and an impatient voice outside. Whatever it was, it was very urgent, and Jack, growing anxious in spite of himself, would have gone to see. But again his father called him back. Something chill and terrible was stealing over Mr. Brownlow; he was growing pale — he was hoarse when he spoke. But he neither moved, nor would he let his son move, and stood propping himself up, with a livid countenance, and gazing at the door.

When it opened they all started, and Mr. Brownlow himself gave a hoarse cry. It was not a telegram, nor was it a stranger. It was a figure they were well used to see, and with which they had no tragic associations. She came in like a ghost, black, pale, and swift, in a passion of eagerness, with a large old silver watch in her hand. "I am not too late," she said, with a gasp, and held it up close to Mr. Brownlow's face. And then she stood still and looked at him, and he knew it all if she had not said another word. It was Pamela's mother, the woman whom, two days before, he had helped into the carrier's cart at his own gate.

OLD AGE.

OLD Age, the evening of our life, the air
And sweet tranquillity of light, when Day
Hath laid its implements of toil away,
And the last breezes cool the brain from care!
So mayest thou end ! the silver twilight star,
Thy symbol high of happiness and peace,
Drawing more beauty as the sounds decrease
Between the dusk and Night's approaching car.
Thy well-proved arms to eager Youth resign;
They fit him well : the council chair is thine.

The quiet smile within the clear blue eye;
The scarce, fine hair, that shines like silvery
frost
With morning's early sunbeams faintly cross-
ed ;
The thin pale hand with azure tracery ;
Venerable motions ; and the frame by time
Hallowed, and half withdrawn from loud Life,
Like some cathedral gray, with memories rife,
In pillar'd aisles and walks of arching lime, —
These are the traits on which thy mellow'd
light
Rests ere it sets, to rise beyond the night.

From Good Words.

THE STORY OF A LONDON FOG.

My first year of married life — it is now some twenty years ago — was also my first of residence in London, and on very limited means. Having agreed to prefer a small income together, to waiting for a larger one far apart, Edgar Linton and myself were also agreed that we would be satisfied with what that income would give us, and bide our time for the rest. He enjoyed society as much as any one, and was as hospitable at heart then as he is now (he is not listening, is he? deep in his new book — that is all right!); but he knew that society and hospitality were luxuries to be only sparingly indulged in, and we neither accepted invitations to dinner, nor for some time did we give any. With my own free will this time would have lasted longer; but I was not to have my own way in this matter, even during that first year of bridal supremacy.

"There are two things, my love, which you will have to make up your mind to put up with," had been Edgar's warning when we were discussing our plans before marriage; "one is London smoke, of which your country notions give you a very inadequate idea; and the other, of which you have no idea whatever, is the friendliness of my friend Mrs. Popham. If your capacity for happiness prevail over these two little obstacles, I have no fears about the rest."

I laughed as I assured him I had none on the subject; and for some months after we were settled in our small home in — Street, and I had learned how trying London "blacks" could be to senses accustomed to pure breezes and liberal cleanliness — how impossible it was to preserve muslin and chintz from darkening shadows, or to handle a book from Edgar's well-filled shelves without the preliminary ceremonial of a serious dusting — I had more than once rallied him on his second grievance, and remarked that friendliness in London was by no means so overwhelming as I had been led to suppose. A note of congratulation and a pair of gilt candlesticks, which never stood steadily enough to be of any use, had, so far, been all I had seen of the dreaded Mrs. Popham. She lived at that time at Richmond, and was, in fact, too much engaged during the season to think of us, and as she always went to the sea in August, it was not till October that her visits began; but once begun, my little jokes on the sub-

ject were effectually stopped. She was very imposing in her personal appearance, both from her size and the magnificent extent of her rustling silk dress; and when she sat down in our little drawing-room, looked so utterly disproportioned to it, that I felt as if I ought to apologise for not offering her more spacious accommodation. This, in itself, was not much of a grievance, and I soon ceased to think it so, after I had been assured several times, in the most emphatic manner, that my house was the most charming little nest in the world, and that Mrs. Popham had said to her Georgina over and over again, that, for real comfort and happiness, give her just such a sized sitting-room as dear Mrs. Linton's. The first day she came she looked at everything in the room, and asked its history. This rather amused me, and helped off the shyness of a first visit. The second time she sat in judgment on my housekeeping, and cross-questioned me on the amount of my weekly bills, the consumption of tea and sugar in my kitchen, the efficiency of my servants, and a variety of other points on which I was not at all disposed to stand an examination, even though it wound up with praise of my excellent management, and envy at the peacefulness of my lot. But I remembered Edgar's words, and that her husband's father had been a kind friend of Edgar's father, and that as his house of business did the business of the Pophams, it was better that we should remain the affectionate friends we were. So I kept my feelings to myself, and was as courteous to Mrs. Popham as I felt was due to us both. She tried my patience very much that autumn, certainly. She would drive in to luncheon uninvited, bringing her daughter with her, whom I knew to be exceedingly fastidious, and very much spoiled, and who did not think it necessary, as her mother did, to appear charmed with everything upon the table. As we kept but two maid-servants, it was sometimes very inconvenient to provide such guests with the delicacies they expected at a short notice; and Mrs. Popham would let me know on arriving that she had no time to spare — that dear Georgy was ordered hot luncheons and port wine, and might she ask if it could be ready immediately, as they had a great deal to do, and the days were shortening so fast? She had brought me a few grapes and a little celery, both of which I could have done without, and thankfully, rather than run the risk of spoiling Edgar's dinner by putting my active but hasty cook out of temper for the rest of the day. Then,

when she had a married daughter staying with her, she would send in her three little girls to spend the day with me; their nurse (also a guest, and hard to please) bringing written instructions what they might eat and drink, and how late they might stay to tea before the carriage fetched them home. I am really fond of children, and can make myself very happy with a little girl or two for my companions, when I am at leisure and in spirits to amuse them, and be amused by their prattle and fun; but these grandchildren of Mrs. Popham's were pets, who had learned the art of tiring out everybody who came near them; and very tiring indeed I found them for the first two or three visits. Dissected puzzles, which I had been at the pains to procure as an unexceptionable diversion, were spurned as being stupid and like lessons; a doll from the Soho Bazaar, whose muslin dress and blue sash would have been a dazzling vision in my early days, was despised because cousins had a Princess Royal, whose eyes opened and shut; and an offer of a popular story-book nearly led to its being torn to pieces, in the struggle as to who should look at the picture's first. A bright suggestion of mine, remembering a delight of my own childhood, proved at last successful; and the three little girls being each furnished with a piece of dough, their sleeves tucked up, and their frocks properly protected, were happier one afternoon making cakes than I believe they had ever been before in their short, ill-trained lives. The worst of it was that they were wild to come again to-morrow, and tormented everybody till they did come; but from that day I gained a certain amount of influence over them, as a dispenser of undreamed-of pleasures, that made it easier to insist on a proportionate amount of good behaviour.

"I know who spoils my grandchildren," Mrs. Popham observed the next time she called. "Really, my dear Mrs. Linton, you have so stolen those little hearts of theirs I am growing quite jealous, and shall be asking soon if I may not come and make cakes myself. Seriously, it is a very good thing to learn how such articles are made, even when you are raised above the necessity of making them; and I dare say you understand a vast deal more than is useful—it is natural and proper that you should—than either of my daughters with all their advantages. I always said to Edgar Linton when I spoke to him of matrimony, 'Whatever you do, my dear Edgar, choose a wife for useful qualities, not for what may be showy for a time, but will, in your posi-

tion, be of no real service in the end.' I did indeed, and I am sure he is grateful to me now. I was very much interested in his selecting well and judiciously; I assure you it was a bold measure in any one to accept him, she was sure to be so narrowly criticised. Mr. Popham and myself have always had his welfare deeply at heart, and were so afraid of his choosing, as young men will, some one towards whom we could not feel as we do to you, dear. But now, we often say, we know no house where so much comfort reigns, because there is no attempt at too much. It is just what I most admire—simple taste and no pretension."

Well, this was all very gratifying, no doubt, or might have been had I received it as it was intended I should; but I must confess it made me angry to be praised for want of pretension by Mrs. Popham, and I did not care to know that she was relieved of a great anxiety by Edgar's choice of a useful wife. I turned it off with the best grace I could, and an allusion to the "Vicar of Wakefield" and Mulready's picture of "The Wedding Gown;" both of which allusions fell rather flat, on account of Mrs. Popham's not having read the one or understood the other. However, she was good enough to pretend to see my meaning, wished she had my memory, and that her countless avocations and engagements would allow her time to read, and took leave, repeating her gracious assurance of her being quite jealous of my favour with her sweet grandchildren.

When those treasures next came they were full of quite a new topic, before which even the glories of little pigs with currant eyes, and no particular tail, grew dim and poor. They had a cousin come to stay with them, Cousin Edith Acton—quite grown up, but a nice cousin, who was not always in the drawing-room or driving out in the carriage, like mamma and Aunt Georgy, but constantly in the nursery, helping nurse to arrange all their frocks and things, and playing with them at such delightful games, you had no idea. A little questioning elicited further information. Sophy, the eldest Miss Hounslow, who sometimes startled me by her resemblance to Mrs. Popham, explained that Cousin Edith was not come only as a visitor, but to be useful, as she was dependent on the goodness of grandpapa and grandmamma for a home, instead of being thrown upon strangers; and Aunt Georgy had said it was odious to have poor relations in the house, always supposed to be martyrs, and filling up the place of pleasanter people,—but grand-

mamma had promised Cousin Edith should never be in the way, and she never was. Should I not like her to come next time, and might that be the day after-to-morrow? I declined this last favour with thanks, and heard no more of the new-comer till Mrs. Popham brought her to call. Before I had had time to do much more than observe a kind, gentle face, rather careworn, with clear honest eyes, and a mouth of great sweetness, Mrs. Popham, without giving me any notice, ordered her up to my bedroom to look at the pattern of the chintz. "I had an argument about it yesterday with my daughters, and we could not agree about the colours, so please, dear Edith, do study them thoroughly so as to settle the dispute. Oh, and by the way, I dare say you may look into the spare room at that sweet sketch of the Lake of Thun, taken by a cousin of Mrs. Linton's — quite a little gem — I have longed to steal it, and carry it away with me, ever since I saw it there."

Edith Acton hesitated, and blushed as she half turned to me for permission, her look and manner pleading her apology so well that I did my best to remove her annoyance by cordially making her welcome. I knew Mrs. Popham only wanted her out of the room, and so did she. As soon as she left us her kinswoman began —

"There, my dear Mrs. Linton, that is my last imprudence. Where my heart is concerned, my head is often at fault; and it is a rash measure to undertake such a responsibility — but what can I do? She has no home, except with relations as poor as herself — family misfortunes, you know — even ours has not escaped the vicissitudes of life from which the wealthiest are not secure. I often think how much happier those are who have but little to lose or to risk, and are thus peaceful, at least, even if comparatively — only comparatively — obscure. Well, this poor girl — it was most fortunate for her I happened to go down into her neighbourhood, for the grandmother and aunt she was living with were as nearly as possible allowing her to form an engagement, without a penny in the world, with a young man who had next to nothing — going into business, they said, or something of that sort. Actually they were on the point of inviting him to the house when I interfered to prevent it, and told them at once it must not be. Where duty is concerned I can be very firm; and it ended in their managing to break it off — I do not exactly know how, for I never discussed the subject with Edith myself; and to secure her from further risk, I invited her to pay us a visit

while my daughter, Mrs. Hounslow, was with me. She did not wish to come at first, and talked, like all silly, romantic girls, of being independent — actually wanted to be a governess, I believe; but it was not likely I should allow that, and it ended, of course, in my wishes being complied with. The dear little pets give her plenty of occupation, and as I understand the young man was mortally affronted by his treatment, it is not to be supposed she will ever hear of him again. I only hope we shall find her as grateful as she ought to be. She is a little shy, poor girl, and feels, of course, the difference between herself and us; but she is very happy with the children, and Mrs. Hounslow talks of borrowing her of me when they go down to the sea at Christmas."

"As governess?" suggested I.

"Oh, dear, no; they will not give her any salary."

"Ah," I said, "that makes all the difference, certainly."

I looked at Miss Acton with more interest when she came back, and thought I could detect on her dark eyelashes the traces of recent tears. She answered all Mrs. Popham's questions about the chintz with tolerable cheerfulness; but when I asked her opinion of the sketch, coloured and stammered as if she hardly knew how to reply. Rather piqued at this, I mentioned one or two good judges who had pronounced it very clever; but, though she did not contradict me, I could not extract a word in its praise. Yet she had examined it closely, I found on examination, for it was not hanging as straight as usual, and had recently been taken down. I pitied her want of taste, and said no more. Mrs. Popham, having said all she came to say, took leave, promising me a speedy visit from the dear children, and observing, with a smile, as she went down-stairs, that she thought it very hard that the little ones should be treated so often, and *she* never invited to dinner once!

Invited to dinner! It was a joke, of course, but I wish people would not joke on such alarming subjects. It gave me a sense of insecurity and peril until I had mentioned it to Edgar, who laughed at the notion as one of Mrs. Popham's pleasing fictions, and relieved me for the moment. But a day or two afterwards, early in December, he came home with the startling announcement that "Popham" had invited himself to come and eat his mutton (meaning ours) with us one day next week; he had a great many things to talk over with Edgar, and to drop

in and dine in a friendly way was just what he would like. A joint, and a bit of fish, and a glass of sherry were a dinner for a prince, and what could a man wish for more?

He might wish to be welcome while he was about it, and that he certainly was not to me, though I comforted myself with the remembrance that the little I had seen of him was incomparably more agreeable than his lady. Scarcely, however, had I a little recovered from the surprise, when Edgar brought me another message. Mrs. Popham particularly wished to come with her husband, and so did Georgy — just themselves — nobody else, unless we had any pleasant friend or two we might like to ask to meet them — no fuss or ceremony — their footman should help to wait at table — they only wanted a sociable meeting. I was not to put myself to inconvenience, or have anything out of the way, for they were the easiest people to please in the world.

If they were easily pleased, I was not; I was in despair. I knew my guests by this time, and was perfectly aware that they would expect a real dinner party, and be highly affronted with less. And Edgar, instead of sympathising with my consternation, seemed to think it all rather a good joke. He had seen it coming some time, he said, only he would not alarm me too soon; he had no fear whatever but all would go right; I could manage worse difficulties than these; what money must I have? He should set it down to professional expenses, and make some innocent person pay the penalty, one way or another. In short, I saw he wished it done, and from that moment resolved to do it well.

A first dinner party is always a nervous matter, even when you have nothing to do but to order whatever is in season; or, if you are extremely fashionable, whatever is out of season; but when you have to combine elegance with economy — hospitality with good management — and at once keep within the bounds of a judicious reserve, and leave no room for a slur on your housekeeping, it is rather a difficult problem to solve. And when you are patronised all the time by an affectionate friend like Mrs. Popham, it becomes, let me in all candour confess, a trial of temper. We did our best to forestall her imagined wishes, selecting, if not our most esteemed acquaintances to meet them, those whom we thought they would prefer to meet; and resolved, as it was to be, it should be with as good a grace as possible. But the confidence we began to feel in our resources was by no means

shared by Mrs. Popham. Though she answered the note of invitation in person, and accepted for the party in such very gracious terms, and with so many expressions of anticipated amusement, that I was half inclined (my temper, as hinted above, being on trial) to tell her that if she made such a favour of it she had better stay away — she sent me, during the intervening week, three several missives, all bearing, more or less, on the arrangements of my table. First it was about the dreadful draught under the dining-room door, which she had not liked to mention the last time she had luncheon with me, and only mentioned now on darling Georgy's account; then came a confidential note about some particular kind of biscuit, without which* Mr. Popham never could enjoy his glass of wine, and which was only to be had at some particular shop a long way off; and — what the last was I forget. I only know that, by way of climax, as I was taking a hurried luncheon, on the very day of the proposed party — a dull, gloomy, piercing day, enough to drive all the spirit of hospitality out of the breast of any hostess in the world — a fly drove up to the door, depositing Miss Acton and Sophy after a visit to the dentist. It was the only treat that human ingenuity at Richmond could devise capable of bribing Miss Hounslow to have a tooth out; and this Edith was desired to tell me, as a compliment calculated to puff me up with pride; but she was evidently so ashamed to give the message, I was sure it was not the real reason of their coming. I could not help laughing, notwithstanding my vexation, as I set them down to their cold meat, and told them they were lucky to get anything at all. "You must take the consequences," I said; "if you come on a busy day, you must expect to be busy too. I have no time to sit and talk to you, and no room for cake-making, so if you stay you must be useful, and help as much as you can."

I could not have suggested a more popular novelty, as far as Sophy was concerned; she was perfectly entranced at being set to do little offices of general utility, helping me to get out my best china, blanching the almonds, and arranging the dessert, with as much delight as if it had been all part of a big baby house, got together purely for her individual amusement. If she was useful, Edith Acton was invaluable. We had met two or three times since that first visit, and I had seen her each time under circumstances that had convinced me her temper was far superior to her taste in

drawing. I am rather observing in small matters; and little traits of unselfishness and honesty, that escaped her unconsciously, did not escape me. Therefore I felt no repugnance, after the first vexation was over, to letting her into all the mysteries of my frugal household; and was even coaxed into allowing her to undertake a complicated piece of needlework on my personal behalf, which I had really not had time to do before. We were too busy to notice how time was going, till we became aware all at once that it was very dark, and that the fog was thickening; and Edith began to wonder their fly had not come according to order. Even while she was wondering, the atmosphere seemed to grow dense as a wall round the windows, the lamps faded into dimness, the rattle of wheels became muffled, and even the air of the house partook of the thickness of the exterior.

"My dears," I said, after reconnoitring the street, "if your conveyance does not come, I cannot send out for another in this fog. You must stay where you are till dinner time, and go back in Mrs. Popham's carriage."

Edith shook her head, and looked troubled and uneasy, but Sophy protested it was quite delightful, and if the stupid coachman came now, she should hate him. To be allowed to drink tea out of my little bed-room tea-service, the wedding gift of a dear friend, was only a lesser treat than being so exceedingly useful; and I never saw a child more thoroughly happy and good-humored. We had no time to devote to her amusement, and left her in contented enjoyment, while we were busy over the dress Miss Acton had been trimming; and so pleasant and winning had that young lady been in everything she had done for me that day, that as I took the finished work from her hands, I could not help giving her a grateful kiss, as if we had been old friends. To my surprise she clung round my neck, and I felt her sobbing so violently I was quite alarmed. My alarm perhaps helped her to recover herself before the tears had time to burst forth; she drank a little water, walked to the window a few minutes, and then after a quick glance at the door, as if to ascertain whether Sophy's sharp little ears were listening, began an apology, which, from what I knew of her history, I did not think at all required. I could well imagine, from the sadness that I had more than once detected in her gentle eyes, that that piece of good service in which her portly kinswoman gloried so complacently, had cost something in doing, a wrench of the heart-strings, a

blowing out of a bright dream — no one could see how worn was the young face, and not divine that such might be the cause. But I could not then ask her confidence, I was fain to turn my eyes away from the beseeching appeal of hers, for the afternoon was nearly gone, and my domestic cares were by no means ended. I had just stepped down to put a few finishing touches to the arrangement of my drawing-room; and was thinking, with some complacency, how pretty it looked for its size, and what excellent taste Edgar had in harmonising colours, and selecting material, when the door-bell rang loudly. "Poor little Sophy!" I thought, "here is your truant driver at last." I listened — a man's voice was inquiring for me — a visitor, at this time of day, and on this of all days, when I was least at leisure! Surely I knew the voice, and yet it sounded like one I had not heard for a long time, and least expected to hear. It could hardly be, and yet it was; for there he stood before me, a tall, fair-haired young man, his beard, and even his eyebrows, steeped in fog — my cousin, Frank Wallace, the playfellow of a certain joyous period, that now seemed wonderfully long ago.

The sight of him brought back such a rush of dear memories, old associations, bygone hopes and fears, gladness and sorrow, that after the first start of recognition, I could hardly see his face, or speak his welcome. But he took it for granted, unspoken.

"I have found you out, you see," he said, as he grasped my hand in his, "and found you, dissipated little woman of the world that you are, expecting no end of company, so I will not detain you a minute. I only want to give you joy, May, and to wish you all happiness and — good-bye."

"Good-bye?" I repeated; "and where then are you going in such a hurry?"

"To Australia. I sail next week, that is to say, if superior, fast-sailing clippers keep to their engagements, which, considering their sex, is doubtful. Well, little May, let me look at you. How happy you must be, if all I hear is truth! You have drawn a prize, my little woman; I knew Edgar Linton before you did, and you will not meet with his equal every day, I can tell you that."

I knew that as well as he did, but I loved him for saving it. I would not hear of his going till Edgar came in, and having coaxed him out of his coat and hat, we sat talking of past times, and forgot the exigencies of the present. At first he seemed shy of speaking of his own affairs, but as he warmed into confidence, he gradually re-

vealed to me sundry facts I was sorry to hear; one being that he had refused the offer of his uncle and godfather of a good situation in his counting-house, with the prospect of a partnership, not from any dislike to business, but simply because he was sick of England, and only wanted to get as far away from it as he could. He knew he was throwing away a competency; his uncle was kindness itself, and told him he would not consider his refusal final, till he had actually sailed; but he could not settle down to a desk merely to put money into his own pocket; he longed for change, for excitement, for anything — here his voice dropped into a faltering murmur — that would help him to forget.

Alas, poor Frank! There was a confession ready to be poured forth there too, could I have waited to receive it — and by no means the first I had received in that quarter. Dear old fellow! he had always been in the habit of confiding his attachments to my sympathising ear, and nearly every vacation brought me a new one. But there was a real sorrow in his voice and look now, and it seemed hard that I could not listen; and yet with the clock striking a later hour than I at all expected, and Edgar not come home — what could I do? Ah! there he was at last, coughing in a manner I did not at all approve, for his throat was his weak point. I ran down to greet him with the news that Frank was here.

"What! Frank Wallace!" he said; "that is capital. We are sure of one guest, at any rate."

"One?" I repeated, glancing at my well-appointed dinner-table, with all its modest display of plate and glass; "I wish it were only one with all my heart. It is high time we were both dressed; I expected you an hour ago."

"And well you might. Luckily, I secured a link-boy at last, and so made my way home. You have no idea what the streets are now; within the last half-hour the fog has grown something tremendous. How the Pophams will ever get here, I cannot imagine."

"They will have lamps, of course," suggested I.

"Lamps will not help them much if it goes on like this. But, however, it may clear, and we will hope it will, for their own sakes, as well as ours. It would be a pity all your charming arrangements should be wasted on old Frank, — and yet I will bet you a pair of gloves, May, that he is our only guest."

"You will?" I said, laughing; "then I

take the bet, for I want a new pair for Sunday." I considered it all a joke, be it observed, for such an idea as a fog keeping Mrs. Popham away seemed too remote from possibility, even for a wager. Frank came down at that moment, and sad as he had been just before, the very sight of my husband seemed to brighten his spirits.

"I am just off, Linton," he said, as they were shaking hands; "I should not have got here to-day, but could not get into the City in the fog, and after blundering about, and missing my way several times, found myself in this street by accident. We will not keep May from her toilette, which I know is to be extensive to-night, but I can talk to you while you dress, and by that time these pleasant chimneys of yours must have done smoking. Dine with you as I am? No, thank you; not to disgrace Mrs. Linton in the eyes of the world, as having wretched relations, without a best coat to their backs. I will try and see you again before I sail, May. How glad I am to have had this peep at your establishment — how happy you must both be!"

He gave my hand such a squeeze that I nearly cried for mercy, and then went with Edgar into his little dressing-room, which was on the parlour floor. Just as I was hurrying up-stairs, he called out "May!"

"Well?" I said, looking over the banisters.

"May I have a weed among old Edgar's boots and shoes? It will be an immense improvement upon the fog."

"No, certainly not," was my almost indignant reply; "you must wait till you are in Australia before you behave like a backwoodsman." For I had been brought up to consider the smell of tobacco in the house as next to an iniquity, and the notion of its pervading my dining-room just as my guests were arriving, was enough to turn me cold. He laughed merrily as he looked up at me, and I was glad he had some of his old mischievous self left. What a pity he should throw up all his prospects and go off where he had none whatever! Perhaps Edgar might bring him to reason — we would have him to breakfast, and let them talk it all over; meanwhile, I must be dressed — and, oh dear, how glad I should be when to-morrow morning was come!

Little Sophy came to meet me with large frightened eyes. Cousin Edith was ill; she had turned quite faint and sick all in a minute — would I give her something to make her well? Edith ill — I flew to see, and was relieved to find her able to assure me it was nothing — only just a passing sensa-

tion—yes, a few drops of sal-volatile would just do; she would not keep me from dressing, she knew I must be anxious to go down again. And yet she seemed longing to say something, if I had given her the least encouragement; but how could I, late as I was, and Mrs. Popham due any minute?

I was quickly dressed, and went down to receive my visitors. Never shall I forget that interval of waiting; how thankful I was at first to be in time; how gradually I began to fidget about my bill of fare, every dish fated to be overdone; how ludicrous at last became the position of sitting in state to receive people who did not come, and seemed to have no intention of coming; especially when Edgar looked in every now and then, to hope I was not overpowered with my exertions to be agreeable, and blandly observed that you might cut the fog with a knife.

"Please to remember, my love," he said, at last, "that I prefer Jouvin's gloves to any other, and that my favorite colour is a delicate brown—like your hair. Frank declares he cannot wait dinner much longer."

"And please to remember," was my reply, "that I particularly admire pale fawn colour, and that my number is six and three quarters. Frank will not be our only guest, for Miss Acton is here, and little Sophy Hounslow."

"You don't mean that?" he exclaimed, much amused; "you are a woman of resources, indeed. I should never have imagined you had such a reserve." I explained how it had occurred, and he rubbed his hands with a keen satisfaction that rather surprised me. "Bring them down; bring them both down. I will go and fetch Frank, and we will have a grand dinner-party yet, in spite of the stars and the fog."

I found Edith so much recovered, that I had little difficulty in prevailing with her to accept our invitation; Sophy capering with joy at the unlooked-for happiness of "dining late," even though bound by strict promises not to ask for anything until the jelly came. The only drawback to her bliss was the fear that "her hair was not properly done," and cousin Edith could not do it *in the least*, and oh, would dear, darling Mrs. Linton put it up for her as she did the other day? It was true that I had, on one occasion, made her little head tidy after my own fashion, which she had been teasing her maid ever since, in vain, to imitate; and knowing I had a few minutes still, while dinner was being served, I bade Edith go down to the drawing-room, and as quickly as I could arranged my little guest's wayward tresses.

Quick as I thought myself, it took me more minutes than I calculated upon, and I hurried her down at last, before she was half satisfied that her appearance would produce the effect she desired.

"Well, Sophy," said Edgar, coming up to meet us as we entered, "this is very kind and good of you, indeed, to come and dine with us, when grandmamma has failed us so cruelly. We must keep up each other's spirits, and you must sit by me at dinner, to dry my tears if I give way unexpectedly."

I knew every cadence of my husband's voice so well, that directly he spoke, I was sure there was some more solid ground for his good spirits than the fact of having provided a dinner to which nobody could come; and while he went on rattling with the delighted child, I glanced at my other guests. What had come over them, too, since I saw them last? They were standing on the hearthrug together, Frank with his arm on the chimney-piece, playing with one of my most precious Dresden ornaments as heedlessly as if it had been a pewter mug; his face, so desponding and troubled a little while ago, now lighted up with a glad hope, that seemed to throw radiance on the room, in spite of the dense atmosphere we were all breathing. Edith Acton, looking shyly at the fire, while listening to what he was saying so eagerly and yet so low; the paleness gone from her cheeks, the sadness from her brow—nervous, trembling, starting when I spoke to her, and as unlike her former self as spring sunshine to December fog.

"Well, May!" said Frank, letting go my little tea-cup, but happily without breaking it, "here is glorious weather!"

"Very," said I; "you will not meet with such in Australia, I am afraid."

"I am afraid not; and now you mention it, May, I really do not think I could live without it; it seems to agree with me so well. I shall make tremendous havoc among your *entremets*."

"Have you been introduced to Miss Acton, sir, or may I have the pleasure?"—

"Excuse me, May, but I must explain that I have had the very great pleasure of meeting Miss Acton before, and to tell you the truth, could not have believed it possible that such a piece of good fortune could be reserved for me, as that of meeting her again."

A light began to dawn on my understanding; I looked at him again, his eyes were dancing—then at Edith, hers were full of tears—but such happy tears! I could not

have wished to exchange them for such a smile as she had worn in the day.

I had a dozen questions to ask, but she made me a quick expressive sign of entreaty, and I recollected that small representative of Mrs. Popham, and of that useful species of vessel, known for the length of its auricular organs. Now, too, I understood why my husband was so devotedly engaged in whispering ghost stories in her ear at the farther end of the room.

Dinner was announced—my poor dinner, the fruit of so much thought, the object of so much anxiety—and we went down to the dining-room, with all its covers laid for the absent Banquos, and I must own I felt it was a pity. The less we say about it the better, the rather that the guests who partook thereof were in that state of mind, in which the senses and judgment slumber alike, and had I set them down to cold shoulder of mutton, or suggested that we should all have a little gruel, they would have been as well pleased, and very little the wiser. With one of them on either side of me, their eyes meeting perpetually, in spite of Edith's efforts to prevent it, and their voices and manner betraying the almost painful intensity of the happiness that had come on them so suddenly, I felt too excited myself to know much of what I was eating, or what I was talking about; only the more confused I found myself becoming, the more I talked—very foolishly, I am afraid, for Edgar told me afterwards, he had no idea I had such a fund of anecdote and conversation.

It mattered very little; those two heard, understood nothing but themselves; and had I been wise as Socrates, and witty as Sydney Smith, wisdom and wit had been equally wasted then. In pity to both, I rose early from table, and having despatched Sophy to be undressed by the maid, and put into the bed she was to share with her cousin, sat down to receive the confidence I might have had a few hours sooner. But how different was now the tone in which it was given!

"You little knew," Edith said, "when you asked me how I liked that Swiss sketch up-stairs, how well I knew the touch of the artist's hand—how I longed to take it out of its frame, and carry it away with me. I had nothing of his—not a line, not a scrap of paper—and the blank, and the longing, sometimes, were almost more than I could bear. I can hardly believe now he is in the house, and I have spoken to him, and know he is still all I thought once.

How shall I be grateful enough for such a change?"

"Tell me," I said, "how such a misunderstanding was possible, if you were both so much attached?"

She had some difficulty in explaining, for she did not wish to speak bitterly of any one; but the facts, as I gathered them, spoke for themselves. Her own home had been early broken up, and the grandmother and aunt, with whom she and her sister had afterwards lived, were completely under the sway of Mrs. Popham, in virtue of a small allowance she made them, subject to her pleasure. Her sister, some few years ago, had married the curate of the parish, and their poverty, though they never complained, had been so great an offence to Mrs. Popham, when she visited the neighbourhood, that she had made old Mrs. Acton understand that sort of thing must not happen again. "She found Alice one day making a pie, and she never forgave it," said Edith, smiling, though her tone was a little resentful, as well it might be, "and it was no use reminding her that neither she nor John ever got into debt, and that they gave away more than many with larger means; she said that only made it worse, for it showed they had neither credit nor common sense. And if you only knew how good they both are!"

I could quite believe it, but I wanted to hear about Frank, and on that point Edith was not so clear: she knew Mrs. Popham had spoken severely to her aunt about him, and that poor grandmamma had been ill for a week after the interview, but she never knew what really passed. As Mrs. Popham said, the affair had been managed—so managed that Frank had been driven away in resentment at what he felt to be ill usage, while she was left under the belief that he had given her up. How they had contrived to come to an understanding in the very short time they had been together, I did not too curiously inquire; but it seemed as if directly their eyes met, a veil fell from their souls, and they knew they were beloved before a word was spoken.

How happy they were that evening, sitting together with a sketchbook of mine open before them on the table, and paying no more heed to my best productions than they had done to my dinner, or my conversation! Edgar and I did our best to promote their enjoyment, by taking as little notice of them as possible: he brought out his violin, and I opened the piano, and we gave them soft movements of Mozart, and

rich harmonies of Beethoven, as an accompaniment to the immortal music breathing from their hearts, as it breathed first in the garden.

By twelve o'clock — we had not the heart to disturb them sooner — my fatigue overpowered my sympathy, and I announced my intention of retiring. Frank started up, and with a dismayed apology for keeping us all up so late, wondered what sort of a night it was now. We opened the shutter, the lamps were once more visible, and the atmosphere was clearing fast under the influence of a change of wind. The fog had done its kindly work, and was gone; and never did the golden sunset of a summer evening leave sweeter memories behind.

Frank came to breakfast the next morning, and we were making very merry over the *contre-temps* of the day before — Edith, whether she had slept or not, looking as if ten years had been taken from her age, and a threefold beauty restored to her face — when we were surprised by a visit from Mr. Popham. He was anxious, of course, to know the fate of his little granddaughter; but still more to condole with me on the disappointment which they had been compelled to inflict — compelled notwithstanding most heroic perseverance on the part of his amiable lady, whom nothing would for a long time persuade to relinquish the attempt to reach us, until they actually came to a collision with two other carriages, and were extricated with some difficulty, and one of the panels smashed in. "You may imagine how pleasant it was to return to a house where we were not expected," he continued, shrugging his shoulders, as we all expressed our regret and commiseration. "Hounslow and Elizabeth dining out in the neighbourhood, half the servants out of the way, fires low, nothing one cared to eat — I never had so wretched an evening, Mrs. Linton — upon my honour I never had. Poor Georgy could not get over it at all, and scolded us all round, till really I had to give her a bit of my mind, and it ended in her bursting out crying, and spending the evening in her bedroom; and this morning she has the face-ache, and Mrs. Popham has a sad cold — but I was to assure you she thought it would be nothing very serious, and she would have braved any weather sooner than disappoint you after all your pains and trouble. Poor Elizabeth was in great dismay when she came home and found no Sophy, and it was all I could do to prevent her coming off to see if she were safe — I was sure she would be in Mrs. Linton's hands, and under

Edith's care. It was that which quieted her at last; she could trust Edith, she owned, as she would herself; but I believe you will see her here directly, for she said she would not be happy till she knew it was all right."

It was rather a relief to hear this, for though Mrs. Hounslow was very like her mother in face and figure, she was her opposite in easy good nature; and as the image of Mrs. Popham's wrath loomed darkly on our horizon, it became a matter of some importance to secure a favourable hearing from one who might prove an ally. Our breakfast was soon despatched, and I carried Edith and Sophy up-stairs, leaving Mr. Popham, good, easy man, to the tender mercy of Edgar and Frank, who looked ready to fall upon him the instant they had him alone. They were still shut up together, and Edith had had time to grow very nervous, when Mrs. Hounslow arrived, positively running up-stairs — an effort on her part almost unparalleled — in her eagerness to be assured her darling had not been very unhappy. Finding, from the darling's own pungent remarks, that she had been as happy as possible, and didn't want to go home, and liked drinking tea out of Mrs. Linton's pink cup and saucer, and dining late afterwards with the gentlemen, for Mr. Linton was so kind and funny — Mrs. Hounslow's spirits revived, and she began to talk over the misfortunes of the evening with considerable zest. She had never seen mamma so put out in her life, and it was a mercy they were not all killed; as it was, they were laid up, and could not come and call, but they sent their kindest love, and a thousand regrets, and hopes that dear Mrs. Linton had not taken it too much to heart — it was such a trying thing to happen to a young housekeeper, and enough to put Mr. Linton quite out of temper; gentlemen never stood these little worries well; Mr. Hounslow would have been put out for a week. I answered her with due cordiality, and having said all that I knew was expected, of regret, sympathy, and obligation, I took occasion, while Edith was dressing Sophy up-stairs, to tell her what had occurred, and ask her advice and assistance. She listened with as much interest as if it had been an amusing fiction, and frankly assured me, she could not conceive, for her part, why mamma was so fond of managing and muddling other people's affairs, and if Edith liked Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Wallace liked Edith, what could it matter to mamma how much they had to live upon? She didn't suppose they would expect *her* to give them anything. Oh, yes, she had been told something about

Edith's having an unfortunate attachment, and she knew old Mrs. Acton was afraid to say her soul was her own before mamma, for fear she should stop her pension — and by-the-bye, she might do so now, if they did not mind what they were about. Poor, dear Edith! so fond as she was of the darling children, too, and they of her — she had intended asking her to spend Christmas with them at Brighton: yes, yes, she would see what could be done — she would talk to Mr. Hounslow and hear what he said. He liked Edith, and had been very short with Georgy yesterday for having contrived she should go into town about Sophy's tooth, just when Sir Henry and Lady Wolstonley, from Alice's parish, were coming to luncheon. He was sure it was done on purpose, because they were ashamed of her being known to be the sister of the curate's wife; and most likely he was right.

At this moment Sophy ran in, full of a wonderful thing she had forgotten to tell her mamma, which happened to her last night. Mr. Linton had pulled a cracker with her dessert, and a big almond and motto fell into her plate, and the motto was in French, so she could not read it, but he had whispered to her what it meant, as a great secret, and what did mamma think it could be? It was that she was soon to be a bridesmaid. Did mamma think it possible it could be true?

Mamma thought it very possible if they could prevail on grandmamma; and from that moment I felt we had two such allies on our side, as even Mrs. Popham might find it hard to resist.

And so it proved, for not all the arguments of Mr. Popham, whom Edgar and Frank did not allow to escape till they had fairly talked him into acquiescence — all the straightforward liberality of Frank's uncle, who immediately, on the receipt of his nephew's submission, came forward with arms and purse equally open, to smooth down the difficulties in his path of life — all my own diplomatic appeals to her oft-expressed regard for myself, and the satisfaction with which I contemplated even a connection so remote — all that could be urged on behalf of either separately, or both combined, by any or all of us, in any possible way, would have prevailed to overcome her resentment as they did, had they not been hourly supported by Sophy's firm resolve to be a bridesmaid. Sophy, as I said before, was very like her grandmamma, and that great woman might have consoled herself for yielding, like England to her American colonies, with the knowledge that it was

from herself the conqueror had learned to conquer.

If anything had been needed to make my satisfaction complete in becoming a connection of Mrs. Popham's, it was given me, in the fact that from this time that excellent lady paid me much less attention than formerly, and could never be induced, under any pretence, to accept another invitation to dinner.

Frank and Edith settled as near us as they could, and every year drew us closer together in the ties of tried and valued friendship. We met at each other's houses, we joined company in our husbands' holidays, we shared each other's joys — yes, and sorrows too, such as will come, even in the most loving homes — the deeper, at times, for their being so loving; but many a time have we turned away from the loveliest scenery and the most glorious sky, to recall with grateful affection our debt to our much-abused benefactor, the *London fog*.

ANNA H. DRURY.

From the Examiner.

History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France; Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." In Four Volumes. Vol. III., 1590-1600. Vol. IV. 1600-1609. With Portraits. Murray.

In his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," Mr. Motley traced the progress of the famous and eventful struggle for liberty waged by the little race of Dutchmen against Spanish tyranny, ending his story with the assassination of William the Silent. In the *History of the United Netherlands*, of which the second half is now published, he has carried on the stirring narrative through five-and-twenty years, fitly closing it with the truce signed at Antwerp in 1609, by which the independence of the Republic was finally secured. As a sequel to his work, he tells us that he is now preparing a "History of the Thirty Years' War," designed to give prominence to the share therein taken by Holland, and to show how it was substantially a carrying on of the great battle for liberty which the Dutch began. He has chosen a noble theme and made it his own.

A worthy successor of Prescott, he works with painstaking research, and with literary skill quite equal to Prescott's; and in his subject he has a great advantage over his famous countryman. He details with admirable clearness, and with excellent ability, the story of one of the foremost and most fruitful episodes in European history. He shows how, at a time when tyranny was everywhere the fashion, when Protestant England only adopted, in an improved form, the principles of statecraft that had been induced by long centuries of Papal thralldom, built upon precedents of Roman rule, a little nation, so small and apparently so insignificant that its claim to be an independent nation roused the mockery of Europe, resolutely stood out for its freedom, and thereby set an example which all the best peoples have since then done little more than follow. All this he does in simple fervid language, telling his tale with charming simplicity, and, therefore, in the most eloquent and effective way that is possible.

The last pages of the two volumes published some six years ago told of the assassination of Henry the Third of France, and its effect upon the Netherlander's cause. Hitherto they had fought only for bare life, claiming little more than religious liberty, and only turning themselves into a nation of warriors because Philip of Spain had declared that he would rather slaughter every one of them than allow them to shake off the despotism of the Church of Rome. From this time they entered on a bolder work. Taking advantage of the turmoil in European affairs consequent on the French king's death, they resolved to extend their battle ground, and, if necessary, to carry the war that was forced upon them outside the barriers of their small group of little States. To do this they had no need to travel far. All round them and between them, within the narrow borders of the Netherlands, were Spanish strongholds, and they considered that if they could drive the Spaniards out of these, and make the whole of the little territory their own, they would achieve victory enough; and in this they judged rightly. Already Europe was learning that this was not a struggle in which forces could be measured by the counting of heads, and that even physical strength at its best was as nothing in comparison with the power that comes of persistent devotion to a good cause; and knowing this the Netherlanders were the more willing to confine their own struggle to their own neighbourhoods, and to leave the friends whom their prowess was making for

them in other nations to carry on the battle out of Holland.

The friends were not solely of their own making. The growing ambition of Philip the Second had already made our own Elizabeth the unwilling ally of the Dutch burghers, whom she despised for their coarseness and reprobated for their practical refutation of the aristocratic dignity and right divine of kings which were dear to her as anything else; and the Great Armada Fight had ended in a victory by which the friends of liberty all over the world were gainers. And the same blind ambition was, at the time when Mr. Motley's third volume begins, turning France, for a little time, into a Protestant nation. Mr. Motley's book is, very properly, much more a history of the work done by the United Netherlands than a history of the United Netherlands alone, and, therefore, he writes freely about the struggle waged on behalf of liberty in France, in England, and elsewhere.

"The history of the united Netherlands at this epoch is a world-history. Were it not so, it would have far less of moral and instruction for all time than it is really capable of affording. The battle of liberty against despotism was now fought in the hop-fields of Brabant or the polders of Friesland, now in the narrow seas which encircle England, now on the sunny plains of Dauphiny, among the craggy inlets of Brittany, or along the high road and rivers which lead to the gates of Paris. But everywhere a noiseless, secret, but ubiquitous negotiation was spreading with never an instant's pause to accomplish the work which lansquenettes and riders, pikemen and carabineers were contending for on a hundred battle-fields and amid a din of arms which for a quarter of a century had been the regular hum of human industry. For nearly a generation of mankind, Germans and Hollanders, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Spaniards and Italians seemed to be born into the world mainly to fight for or against a system of universal monarchy, conceived for his own benefit by a quiet old man who passed his days at a writing desk in a remote corner of Europe. It must be confessed that Philip II. gave the world work enough."

After his great rebuff by England in 1588, Philip applied himself, while he continued without abatement his attempt to crush the Netherlanders, to the undermining of France.

"Spain was the great, aggressive, overshadowing power at that day, before whose plots and whose violence the nations alternately trembled, and it was France that now stood in danger of being conquered or dismembered by the common enemy of all. That unhappy kingdom,

torn by intestine conflict, naturally invited the ambition and the greediness of foreign powers. Civil war had been its condition, with brief intervals, for a whole generation of mankind. During the last few years, the sword had been never sheathed, while "the holy Confederacy" and the Béarnese struggled together for the mastery. Religion was the mantle under which the chiefs on both sides concealed their real designs as they led on their followers year after year to the desperate conflict. And their followers, the masses, were doubtless in earnest. A great principle—the relation of man to his Maker, and his condition in a future world as laid down by rival priesthoods—has in almost every stage of history had power to influence the multitude to fury and to deluge the world in blood. And so long as the superstitious element of human nature enables individuals or combinations of them to dictate to their fellow-creatures those relations, or to dogmatize concerning those conditions—to take possession of their consciences in short, and to interpose their mummeries between man and his Creator—it is probable that such scenes as caused the nations to shudder throughout so large a portion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will continue to repeat themselves at intervals in various parts of the earth. Nothing can be more sublime than the self-sacrifice, nothing more demoniac than the crimes which human creatures have seemed always ready to exhibit under the name of religion.

"It was and has been really civil war in France. In the Netherlands it had become essentially a struggle for independence against a foreign monarch; although the germ out of which both conflicts had grown to their enormous proportions was an effort of the multitude to check the growth of papacy. In France, accordingly, civil war, attended by that gaunt sisterhood, murder, pestilence, and famine, had swept from the soil almost everything that makes life valuable. It had not brought in its train that extraordinary material prosperity and intellectual development at which men wondered at the Netherlands, and to which allusion has just been made. But a fortunate conjunction of circumstances had now placed Henry of Navarre in a position of vantage. He represented the principle of nationality, of French unity. It was impossible to deny that he was in the regular line of succession, now that luckless Henry of Valois slept with his fathers, and the principle of nationality might perhaps prove as vital a force as attachment to the Roman Church. Moreover, the adroit and unscrupulous Béarnese knew well how to shift the mantle of religion from one shoulder to the other, to serve his purposes or the humours of those whom he addressed.

"To those accustomed to weigh and analyze popular forces it might well seem that he was now playing an utterly hopeless game. His capital garrisoned by the Pope and the King of Spain, with its grandees and its populace scoffing at his pretence of authority and loathing

his name; with an exchequer consisting of what he could beg or borrow from Queen Elizabeth—most parsimonious of sovereigns reigning over the half of a small island—and from the States-General governing a half-born, half-drowned little republic, engaged in a quarter of a century's warfare with the greatest monarch in the world; with a wardrobe consisting of a dozen shirts and five pocket-handkerchiefs, most of them ragged, and with a commissariat made up of what could be brought in the saddle-bags of his Huguenot cavaliers who came to the charge with him to-day, and to-morrow were dispersed again to their mountain fastnesses; it did not seem likely on any reasonable theory of dynamics that the power of the Béarnese was capable of outweighing Pope and Spain, and the meaner but massive populace of France, and the Sorbonne, and the great chiefs of the confederacy, wealthy, long descended, allied to all the sovereigns of Christendom, potent in territorial possessions and skilful in wielding political influences.

'The Béarnese is poor, but a gentleman of good family,' said the cheerful Henry, and it remained to be seen whether nationality, unity, legitimate authority, history, and law would be able to neutralize the powerful combination of opposing elements."

Knowing how to utilize all the opposition engendered by Spanish interference, Henry the Fourth succeeded in his bold venture, and his success was so helpful to the cause of liberty and Protestantism, that his subsequent abandonment of that cause must be judged leniently. Mr. Morley shows how well, before he turned Catholic and legitimist, he fought for freedom. Perhaps, had not he and Elizabeth diverted the energies of Philip from his principal object of aversion in the Netherlands, the Netherlands might not have been able to hold him at bay. As it was their Republic prospered.

"Its bitterest enemies bore witness to the sagacity and success by which its political affairs were administered, and to its vast superiority in this respect over the obedient provinces. 'The rebels are not ignorant of our condition,' said Champagne, 'they are themselves governed with consummate wisdom, and they mock at those who submit themselves to the Duke of Parma. They are the more confirmed in their rebellion, when they see how many are thronging from us to them, complaining of such bad government, and that all take refuge in flight who can from the misery and famine which it has caused throughout these provinces!' The industrial population had flowed from the southern provinces into the north, in obedience to an irresistible law. The workers in iron, paper, silk, linen, lace, the makers of brocade, tapestry, and satin, as well

as of all the coarser fabrics, had fled from the land of oppression to the land of liberty. Never in the history of civilization had there been a more rapid development of human industry than in Holland during these years of bloodiest warfare. The towns were filled to overflowing. Amsterdam multiplied in wealth and population as fast as Antwerp shrank. Almost as much might be said of Middelburg, Enkhuysen, Horn, and many other cities. It is the epoch to which the greatest expansion of municipal architecture is traced. Warehouses, palaces, docks, arsenals, fortifications, dykes, splendid streets and suburbs, were constructed on every side, and still there was not room for the constantly increasing population, large numbers of which habitually dwelt in the shipping. For even of that narrow span of earth called the province of Holland, one-third was then interior water, divided into five considerable lakes, those of Harlem, Schermer, Beemster, Waert, and Purmer. The sea was kept out by a magnificent system of dykes under the daily superintendence of a board of officers, called dyke-graves, while the rain water, which might otherwise have drowned the soil thus painfully reclaimed, was pumped up by windmills and drained off through sluices opening and closing with the movement of the tides.

"The province of Zeeland was one vast 'polder.' It was encircled by an outer dyke of forty Dutch, equal to one hundred and fifty English, miles in extent, and traversed by many interior barriers. The average cost of dyke building was sixty florins the rod of twelve feet, or 84,000 florins the Dutch mile. The total cost of the Zeeland dykes was estimated at 3,360,000 florins, besides the annual repairs.

"But it was on the sea that the Netherlands were really at home, and they always felt it in their power—as their last resource against foreign tyranny—to bury their land for ever in the ocean, and to seek a new country at the ends of the earth. It has always been difficult to doom to political or personal slavery a nation accustomed to maritime pursuits. Familiarity with the boundless expanse of the ocean, and the habit of victoriously contending with the elements in their stormy strength, would seem to inspire a consciousness in mankind of human dignity and worth. With the exception of Spain, the chief seafaring nations of the world were already Protestant. The counter-league, which was to do battle so strenuously with the Holy Confederacy, was essentially a maritime league. 'All the maritime heretics of the world, since heresy is best suited to navigators, will be banded together,' said Champagny, 'and then woe to the Spanish Indies, which England and Holland are already threatening.'

"The Netherlands had been noted from the earliest times for a free-spoken and independent personal demeanour. At this epoch they were taking the lead of the whole world in marine adventure. At least three thousand vessels of between one hundred and four hundred tons,

besides innumerable doggers, busses, cromstevens, and similar craft used on the rivers and in fisheries, were to be found in the United Provinces, and one thousand, it was estimated, were annually built.

"They traded to the Baltic regions for honey, wax, tallow, lumber, iron, turpentine, hemp. They brought from farthest Indies and from America all the fabrics of ancient civilization, all the newly discovered products of a virgin soil, and dispensed them among the less industrious nations of the earth. Enterprise, led on and accompanied by science, was already planning the boldest flights into the unknown yet made by mankind, and it will soon be necessary to direct attention to those famous arctic voyages made by Hollanders in pursuit of the north-west passage to Cathay, in which as much heroism, audacity, and scientific intelligence were displayed as in later times have made so many men belonging to both branches of the Anglo-Saxon race illustrious. A people engaged in perennial conflict with a martial and sacerdotal despotism the most powerful in the world, could yet spare enough from its superfluous energies to confront the dangers of the polar oceans, and to bring back treasures of science to enrich the world.

"Such was the spirit of freedom. Inspired by its blessed influence this vigorous and inventive little commonwealth triumphed over all human, all physical obstacles in its path. It organized armies on new principles to drive the most famous legions of history from its soil. It built navies to help rescue, at critical moments, the cause of England, of Protestantism, of civil liberty, and even of French nationality. More than all, by its trade with its arch enemy, the republic constantly multiplied its resources for destroying his power and aggrandizing its own."

Then Philip died, and, in dying, rid the world of its greatest pest. Other ambitious kings have done good to the world, but Philip's rule was an unmitigated evil.

"His power was unlimited. A man endowed with genius and virtue and possessing the advantages of a consummate education, could have perhaps done little more than attempt to mitigate the general misery, and to remove some of its causes. For it is one of the most pernicious dogmas of the despotic system, and the one which the candid student of history soonest discovers to be false, that the masses of mankind are to look to any individual, however exalted by birth or intellect, for their redemption. Woe to the world if the nations are never to learn that their fate is and ought to be in their own hands; that their institutions, whether liberal or despotic, are the result of the national biography and of the national character, not the work of a few individuals whose names have been preserved by capricious Accident as heroes and legislators. Yet there

is no doubt that, while comparatively powerless for good, the individual despot is capable of almost infinite mischief. There have been few men known to history who have been able to accomplish by their own exertions so vast an amount of evil as the king who had just died. If Philip possessed a single virtue it has eluded the conscientious research of the writers of these pages. If there are vices — as possibly there are — from which he was exempt, it is because it is not permitted to human nature to attain perfection even in evil. The only plausible explanation — for palliation there is none — of his infamous career is that the man really believed himself not a king but a god. He was placed so high above his fellow-creatures as in good faith, perhaps, to believe himself incapable of doing wrong; so that whether indulging his passions or enforcing throughout the world his religious and political dogmas, he was ever conscious of embodying divine inspirations and elemental laws.

"When providing for the assassination of a monarch, or commanding the massacre of a townful of Protestants; when trampling on every oath by which a human being can bind himself; when laying desolate with fire and sword, during more than a generation, the provinces which he had inherited as his private property, or in carefully maintaining the flames of civil war in foreign kingdoms which he hoped to acquire; while maintaining all over Christendom a gigantic system of bribery, corruption, and espionage, keeping the noblest names of England and Scotland on his pension list of traitors, and impoverishing his exchequer with the wages of iniquity paid in France to men of all degrees, from princes of blood like Guise and Mayenne down to the obscurest of country squires, he ever felt that these base or bloody deeds were not crimes, but the simple will of the godhead of which he was a portion. He never doubted that the extraordinary theological system which he spent his life in enforcing with fire and sword was right, for it was a part of himself. The Holy Inquisition, thoroughly established as it was in his ancestral Spain, was a portion of the regular working machinery by which his absolute kingship and his superhuman will expressed themselves. A tribunal which performs its functions with a celerity, certainty, and invisibility resembling the attributes of Omnipotence; which, like the pestilence, entered palace or hovel at will, and which smote the wretch guilty or suspected of heresy with a precision against which no human ingenuity or sympathy could guard — such an institution could not but be dear to his heart. It was inevitable that the extension and perpetuation of what he deemed its blessings throughout his dominions should be his settled purpose. Spain was governed by an established terrorism. It is a mistake to suppose that Philip was essentially beloved in his native land, or that his religion or political system was heartily accepted because consonant to the national character. On the contrary, as has

been shown, a very large proportion of the inhabitants were either secretly false to the Catholic faith, or descended at least from those who had expiated their hostility to it with their lives. But the Grand Inquisitor was almost as awful a personage as the king or the pope. His familiars were in every village and at every fire-side, and from their fangs there was no escape. Millions of Spaniards would have revolted against the crown or accepted the reformed religion, had they not been perfectly certain of being burned or hanged at the slightest movement in such a direction. The popular force in the course of the political combinations of centuries, seemed at last to have been eliminated. The nobles, exempt from taxation, which crushed the people to the earth, were the enemies rather than the chieftains and champions of the lower classes in any possible struggle with a crown to which they were united by ties of interest as well as of affection, while the great churchmen, too, were the immediate dependants and of course the firm supporters of the king. Thus the people, without natural leaders, without organization, and themselves divided into two mutually hostile sections, were opposed by every force in the State. Crown, nobility, and clergy; all the wealth and all that there was of learning, were banded together to suppress the democratic principle. But even this would hardly have sufficed to extinguish every spark of liberty, had it not been for the potent machinery of the Inquisition; nor could that perfection of terrorism have become an established institution but for the extraordinary mixture of pride and superstition of which the national character had been, in the course of the national history, compounded. The Spanish portion of the people hated the nobles, whose petty exactions and oppressions were always visible; but they had a reverential fear of the unseen monarch, as the representative both of the great unsullied Christian nation to which the meanest individual was proud to belong, and of the God of wrath who had decreed the extermination of all unbelievers. The "accursed" portion of the people were sufficiently disloyal at heart, but were too much crushed by oppression and contempt to imagine themselves men."

Mr. Motley gives a subtle analysis of Philip's character and work, showing how he was the aptest of all scholars in Macchiavellian principles.

"It is at least a consolation to reflect that a career controlled by such principles came to an ignominious close. Had the mental capacity of this sovereign been equal to his criminal intent, even greater woe might have befallen the world. But his intellect was less than mediocre. His passion for the bureau, his slavery to routine, his puerile ambition personally to superintend details which could have been a thousand times better administered by subordinates, proclaimed every day the narrowness of

his mind. His diligence in reading, writing, and commenting upon despatches may excite admiration only where there has been no opportunity of judging of his labours by personal inspection. Those familiar with the dreary displays of his penmanship must admit that such work could have been at least as well done by a copying clerk of average capacity. His ministers were men of respectable ability, but he imagined himself, as he advanced in life, far superior to any counsellor that he could possibly select, and was accustomed to consider himself the first statesman in the world.

"His reign was a thorough and disgraceful failure. Its opening scene was the treaty of Câteau Cambresis, by which a triumph over France had been achieved for him by the able generals and statesmen of his father, so humiliating and complete as to make every French soldier or politician gnash his teeth. Its conclusion was the treaty of Vervins with the same power, by which the tables were completely turned, and which was as utterly disgraceful to Spain as that of Câteau Cambresis had been to France. He had spent his life in fighting with the spirit of the age—that invincible power of which he had not the faintest conception—while the utter want of adaptation of his means to his ends often bordered, not on the ludicrous, but the insane.

"He attempted to reduce the free Netherlands to slavery and to papacy. Before his death they had expanded into an independent republic, with a policy founded upon religious toleration and the rights of man. He had endeavoured all his life to exclude the Béarnese from his heritage and to place himself or his daughter on the vacant throne; before his death Henry IV. was the most powerful and popular sovereign that ever reigned in France. He had sought to invade and to conquer England and to dethrone and assassinate its queen. But the queen outwitted, outgeneralled, and outlived him; English soldiers and sailors, assisted by their Dutch comrades in arms, accomplished on the shores of Spain what the Invincible Armada had in vain essayed against England and Holland; while England, following thenceforth the opposite system to that of absolutism and the Inquisition, became, after centuries of struggles towards the right, the most powerful, prosperous, and enlightened kingdom in the world.

"His exchequer so full when he ascended the throne as to excite the awe of contemporary financiers, was reduced before his death to a net income of some four millions of dollars. His armies, which had been the wonder of the age in the earlier period of his reign for discipline, courage, and every quality on which military efficiency depends, were in his later years a horde of starving, rebellious brigands, more formidable to their commanders than to the foe. Mutiny was the only organized military institution that was left in his dominions, while the Spanish Inquisition, which it was the fell purpose of his life from youth upwards to es-

tablish over the world, became a loathsome and impossible nuisance everywhere but in its natal soil."

Philip's death, a blessing to all the world, proved very helpful to the Netherlands. The Archduke Albert, to whom, if he could only possess the gift, they had been given by Philip, was quite unable to take his prize. In Philip's day, Prince Maurice, called to succeed his father when he was only twenty years old, had proved himself an excellent leader of the States General, and Barneveldt had won the admiration of friends and foes alike by his consummate generalship. The prince and the general were able to take the war out of their own territory, and to win great victories over the Archduke in Flanders. They had already been many times victorious on the sea: One or two fresh triumphs served to rid them of all naval opposition, save in those piratical ways in which the Dutch were far greater adepts than the Spaniards. Thus, very shortly after Philip's death, they were able to compel their nominal master to offer such terms of pacification as they, being honourable men and stout lovers of liberty, could accept. Mr. Motley's fourth volume, indeed, is chiefly a history of the stages by which the Archduke Charles, sorely against his will, and only because the growing strength of his little foe and the increasing weakness of his own mutinous armies showed it to be absolutely necessary, was brought to think of peacemaking, and, at last, to agree to the Twelve Years' Truce, which sealed the freedom of the United Netherlands.

Telling throughout the story of one long desperate battle, Mr. Motley does not write wholly, or even chiefly, of slaughter and bloodshed. He shows, with very welcome fullness of detail, how the triumph of the Netherlands, though actually gained at the point of the sword, was really the result of better work than soldiiership. The strength even of the soldiers themselves came from the principles which they used their soldier-skill in defending.

"It would hardly be incorrect to describe the Holland of the beginning of the seventeenth century as the exact reverse of Spain. In the commonwealth labour was most honorable; in the kingdom it was vile. In the North to be idle was accounted and punished as a crime. In the Southern peninsula, to be contaminated with mechanical, mercantile, commercial, manufacturing pursuits, was to be accursed. Labour was for slaves, and at last the mere spectacle of labour became so offensive that even the

slaves were expelled from the land. To work was as degrading in the South as to beg or to steal was esteemed unworthy of humanity in the North. To think a man's thought upon high matters of religion and government, and through a thousand errors to pursue the truth, with the aid of the Most High and with the best use of human reason, was a privilege secured by the commonwealth, at the expense of two generations of continuous bloodshed. To lie fettered, soul and body, at the feet of authority wielded by a priesthood in his last stage of corruption, and a monarchy almost reduced to imbecility, was the lot of the chivalrous, genial, but much oppressed Spaniard.

"The pictures painted of the republic by shrewd and caustic observers, not inclined by nature or craft to portray freedom in too engaging colours, seem, when contrasted with those revealed of Spain, almost like enthusiastic fantasies of an ideal commonwealth.

"During the last twenty years of the great war the material prosperity of the Netherlands had wonderfully increased. They had become the first commercial nation in the world. They had acquired the supremacy of the seas. The population of Amsterdam had in twenty years increased from seventy thousand to a hundred and thirty thousand, and was destined to be again more than doubled in the coming decade. The population of Antwerp had sunk almost as rapidly as that of its rival had increased; having lessened by fifty thousand during the same period. The commercial capital of the obedient provinces, having already lost much of its famous traffic by the great changes in the commercial current of the world, was unable to compete with the cities of the United Provinces in the vast trade which the geographical discoveries of the preceding century had opened to civilization. Freedom of thought and action were denied, and without such liberty it was impossible for oceanic commerce to thrive. Moreover, the possession by the Hollanders of the Scheldt forts below Antwerp, and of Flushing at the river's mouth, suffocated the ancient city, and would of itself have been sufficient to paralyze all its efforts.

"In Antwerp the exchange, where once thousands of the great merchants of the earth held their daily financial parliament, now echoed to the solitary footfall of the passing stranger. Ships lay rotting at the quays; brambles grew in the commercial streets. In Amsterdam the city had been enlarged by two-thirds, and those who swarmed thither to seek their fortunes could not wait for the streets to be laid out and houses to be built, but established themselves in the environs, building themselves hovels and temporary residences, although certain to find their encampments swept away with the steady expanse of the city. As much land as could be covered by a man's foot was worth a ducat in gold.

"In every branch of human industry these republicans took the lead. On that scrap of solid ground, rescued by human energy from

the ocean, were the most fertile pastures in the world. On those pastures grazed the most famous cattle in the world. An ox often weighed more than two thousand pounds. The cows produced two and three calves at a time, the sheep four and five lambs. In a single village four thousand kine were counted. Butter and cheese were exported to the annual value of a million, salted provisions to an incredible extent. The farmers were industrious, thriving, and independent. It is an amusing illustration of the agricultural thrift and republican simplicity of this people that on one occasion a farmer proposed to Prince Maurice that he should marry his daughter, promising with her a dowry of a hundred thousand florins.

"The mechanical ingenuity of the Netherlands, already celebrated by Julius Caesar and by Tacitus, had lost nothing of its ancient fame. The contemporary world confessed that in many fabrics the Hollanders were at the head of mankind. Dutch linen, manufactured of the flax grown on their own fields or imported from the obedient provinces, was esteemed a fitting present for kings to make and to receive. The name of the country had passed into the literature of England as synonymous with the delicate fabric itself. The Venetians confessed themselves equalled, if not outdone, by the crystal workers and sugar refiners of the northern republic. The tapestries of Arras — the name of which Walloon city had become a household word of luxury in all modern languages — were now transplanted to the soil of freedom, more congenial to the advancement of art. Brocades of the precious metals; splendid satins and velvets; serges and homely fustians; laces of thread and silk; the finer and coarser manufactures of clay and porcelain; iron, steel, and all useful fabrics for the building and outfitting of ships; substantial broadcloths manufactured of wool imported from Scotland — all this was but a portion of the industrial production of the provinces.

"They supplied the deficiency of coal, not then an article readily obtained by commerce, with other remains of antediluvian forests long since buried in the sea, and now recovered from its depths and made useful and portable by untiring industry. Peat was not only the fuel for the fireside, but for the extensive fabrics of the country, and its advantages so much excited the admiration of the Venetian envoys that they sent home samples of it, in the hope that the lagoons of Venice might prove as prolific of this indispensable article as the polders of Holland.

"But the foundation of the national wealth, the source of the apparently fabulous power by which the republic had at last overthrown her gigantic antagonist, was the ocean. The republic was sea born and sea-sustained.

"She had nearly one hundred thousand sailors, and three thousand ships. The sailors were the boldest, the best disciplined, and the most experienced in the world, whether for peaceable seafaring or ocean warfare. The ships

were capable of furnishing from out of their number in time of need the most numerous and the best appointed navy then known to mankind.

"The republic had the carrying trade for all nations. Feeling its very existence dependent upon commerce, it had strode centuries in advance of the contemporary world in the liberation of trade. But two or three per cent. *ad valorem* was levied upon imports; foreign goods, however, being subject, as well as internal products, to heavy imposts in the way of both direct and indirect taxation.

"Every article of necessity or luxury known was to be purchased in profusion and at reasonable prices in the warehouses of Holland.

"A swarm of river vessels and fly-boats were coming daily through the rivers of Germany, France, and the Netherlands, laden with the agricultural products and the choice manufactures of central and western Europe. Wine and oil, and delicate fabrics in thread and wool, came from France, but no silks, velvets, nor satins; for the great Sully had succeeded in persuading his master that the white mulberry would not grow in his kingdom, and that silk manufactures were an impossible dream for France. Nearly a thousand ships were constantly employed in the Baltic trade. The forests of Holland were almost as extensive as those which grew on Norwegian hills, but they were submerged. The foundation of a single mansion required a grove, and wood was extensively used in the superstructure. The houses, built of a framework of substantial timber, and filled in with brick or rubble, were raised almost as rapidly as tents, during the prodigious expansion of industry towards the end of the war. From the realms of the Osterlings, or shores of the Baltic, came daily fleets laden with wheat and other grains, so that even in time of famine the granaries of the republic were overflowing, and ready to dispense the material of life to the outer world.

"Eight hundred vessels of lesser size but compact build were perpetually fishing for herrings on the northern coasts. These hardy mariners, the militia of the sea, who had learned in their life of hardship and daring the art of destroying Spanish and Portuguese armadas, and confronting the dangers of either pole, passed a long season on the deep. Commercial voyagers as well as fishermen, they salted their fish as soon as taken from the sea, and transported them to the various ports of Europe, thus reducing their herrings into specie before their return, and proving that a fishery in such hands was worth more than the mines of Mexico and Peru.

"It is customary to speak of the natural resources of a country as furnishing a guarantee of material prosperity. But here was a republic almost without natural resources, which had yet supplied by human intelligence and thrift what a niggard nature had denied. Spain was overflowing with unlimited treasure, and had possessed half the world in fee; and Spain was bankrupt, decaying, sinking into universal pau-

perism. Holland, with freedom of thought, of commerce, of speech, of action, placed itself, by intellectual power alone, in the front rank of civilization."

Concealed amid all these elements of prosperity, however, was one element of decay. While Dutch burghers and Dutch boors fought heart and soul against Spanish despotism, they showed themselves better men than were at that time to be found in any other part of the world. But no sooner had they gained their end than they began to dwindle. Determination to be free made them a race of heroes for a generation, and as soon as their liberty was recovered they settled down into prosaic getters of money.

From Harper's Weekly.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

BEFORE he was fifty years old, in the vigor of his prime, respected and beloved as few men ever are, suddenly and with no pain to himself, but with an indescribable sorrow to the country, JOHN A. ANDREW has gone hence. How strong his hold was upon the hearts of all good men among us nobody probably fully estimated till he died. How much good men counted upon him in the future even they could not know until they found themselves, as now, looking vaguely about and seeing no man in his place. Not since the news came of ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S death were so many hearts truly smitten. Not since the bright spring days in which that memorable funeral procession wound through the land were so many sincere tears shed as for a personal, private loss, in thousands of homes, as on the soft autumn day when Governor ANDREW, as he will be always fondly called, was buried. Yet whatever might have been hoped and expected in the future, his service to his country and to mankind was already great and complete. Not only by signal ability but by noble character he had impressed himself upon his contemporaries, and without a spot upon his fame he takes his place among the really representative Americans.

Before the war he had been representative in the Legislature and member of the Constitutional Convention; and there was no man in his State better known or more wholly trusted. We first heard his name

in 1859 from a Massachusetts man, who said "JOHN A. ANDREW will be Governor if he wants to be." But when the war was evidently at hand it was Massachusetts which wanted him, and turned to him at once as her leader. How he led her is already a familiar tale. Those of her citizens who felt most deeply and truly all that her history and a certain moral renown of the State demanded, also felt that the demand had been fully satisfied by him. Almost his first act upon his accession to office in January, 1861, was to order equipments for the soldiers. He knew that war was imminent, and he thoroughly understood its scope and probable results. On the 19th of April Massachusetts blood—the first in the war—was shed at Baltimore, and Governor ANDREW's dispatch to the Mayor of that city introduced him to the country. "I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by the Commonwealth."

From that moment until the end of the war there was no more untiring and efficient soldier of the Union and of liberty than he. His executive ability was remarkable, his industry astonishing, his devotion unflagging. He worked with hand and heart and head. He equipped and organized the troops, but he also nerved the moral sentiment which sustained the public opinion upon which the war rested. He was the best of counsellors. His insight was seldom at fault. He measured men accurately—how justly, indeed, experience has since shown in some conspicuous instances. There were good and able men in the executive chairs of the loyal States during the war. But it was a just instinct upon their part which selected Governor ANDREW to write the address of the loyal Governors at Altoona.

From the beginning Governor ANDREW saw plainly the relation of slavery to the war. When General BUTLER moved into Maryland in April, 1861, he offered his troops to Governor HICKS to aid in suppressing servile insurrections. Governor ANDREW, who instinctively knew that Slavery was the rebel, instantly felt the weakness of the reasoning which had probably influenced General BUTLER, and wrote to him very kindly, but very decidedly, regretting that Massachusetts troops had been offered for such a purpose, and stating that such an insurrection must now be contemplated from a military point of view, and was one of the inherent weaknesses of the enemy. General BUTLER replied with the

favorite allusion to "the horrors of St. Domingo," which would follow the arming of the slaves. He failed to convince the Governor, however, and probably himself; and the next year Governor ANDREW, after long and urgent solicitation of the authorities at Washington, obtained leave to raise three years' colored volunteers. And the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts was the first colored regiment that marched from the free States. The Governor addressed it upon its departure, and gave to its young Colonel the flag for which he and so many of his brave soldiers heroically fell.

Five times Governor ANDREW was elected by a vast majority. The confidence of the State in him was unbounded, and so were its pride and love. But in 1865 he declined a renomination. His magistracy had begun with the war, and he was willing that it should end with it. He was not rich, and he could not afford to be Governor except when the public necessity was overpowering; and when it ceased to be so his duty to himself and to his family withdrew him from public life. But he had doubtless overtaken himself. Early and late he was at his post, and the strain of the whole moral and nervous system exhausted him. He was of a full habit, and had had one or two hints of the uncertainty of his health. But while the war lasted he could not heed such hints, and when it was ended it was probably too late. Yet, with the blithe ardor of a boy, he threw himself again into his profession, and into the undisturbed domestic happiness to which he had been so long a stranger. Every morning he passed across the Common, swinging his lawyer's bag, as if he were just sixteen and were on his way to the Latin school with his satchel. His tastes were simple; his life unostentatious. Everybody knew him. He was the best-beloved citizen; and his genial greeting was as warm as a sunny May morning. But "the shadow feared of man" walked very near him; and suddenly, holding the hand that was dearest to him in the world, he died.

Governor ANDREW was in the truest sense a statesman. That is to say, his discretion was as remarkable as his principles were profound; and he had that sagacious perception of practicability which enables a man of great executive faculty to achieve great good results. He was a Radical in the truest sense. That is, he believed justice to be the best policy. "I know not what record of sin," he said, "awaits me in the other world; but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise any man

because he was ignorant, or because he was black." He valued party as an instrument merely, and his moral independence and political intrepidity were alike unsurpassed. It would be difficult to find an American statesman who so naturally attracted popular sympathy, and so heartily scorned to flatter the mob. He never lost his self-respect, and therefore always retained his respect for others. If he differed with his friends about methods, he kept his temper; and if they lost theirs, their sharpest censure or angriest menace did not swerve him the very least step from the line of his conviction. When the war ended, although he had been an early and devoted anti-slavery man, he said plainly, "I have been for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and now I am for a vigorous prosecution of the peace." But he meant by that no sentimental confusion of right and wrong; no blubbing blunder of surrendering the very victory so hardly won. He meant a calm and patient reconstruction upon the broad foundation of equity and common-sense.

No man was ever more truly a Puritan in the liberal sense of believing in the moral basis of good government, but certainly no one ever less a Puritan in supposing that legislation can produce results which in the nature of things are solely due to moral causes. He had also the sinewy religious faith of the Puritan, but under a very different form. He was a Unitarian; but no Calvinist of COTTON MATHER'S school believed more fervently than he. His imagination kindled with the grandeur of the Hebrew religious spirit and the Biblical phraseology; and his speeches, and often his official documents, when it was becoming, were impressive from a rich and solemn Scriptural rhetoric. At a camp-meeting upon Martha's Vineyard in the summer of 1862 he spoke to thousands of people one Sunday in the open air with the fire and unction of a great religious leader.

In social intercourse Governor ANDREW'S sweet and opulent nature sparkled and rejoiced. Truly modest, cultivated, sprightly, sympathetic, the same candor and simplicity which dignified his public conduct endeared him to his friends. Those who had had no chance of measuring the man were ready to see him fail when he came without preparation to the direction of a great State during a great war. But there were few men in Massachusetts, whatever their politics, who did not acknowledge their mistake and concede his masterly

capacity. It was this general conviction of Governor ANDREW'S perfect rectitude, sagacity, and political candor and ability, which had already indicated him, in the minds of many who felt that General GRANT'S nomination to the Presidency was inevitable, as the most proper candidate for the Vice-Presidency. That cheering hope has disappeared. Public life in the United States has lost a man whom it could not spoil, and who made it truly noble and inspiring; a man who was cultivated without loss of popular influence; who worked with a party and was never its slave; who kept faith with himself, and was in every fibre of his being, and in the best sense, an American. And he, too, is one of the victims of the war. None of the brave young men who loved him, and whom he loved, whom he commissioned and sent with his benediction to the great struggle, spent his life for the country more truly than Governor ANDREW. With theirs, his memory is a sacred and immortal appeal to the living to take care that the dead have not died in vain.

SPEECH BY P. W. CHANDLER.

THERE are some personal traits of which an early and intimate friend may be allowed and perhaps expected to speak on this occasion.

The father of Governor Andrew was a trader in the town of Windham, near Portland, in Maine. He was of good stock, a native of Essex county, and a man of marked character. Reticent to a degree that was almost painful to strangers, he was possessed of great intelligence, and had that keen sense of the ludicrous which has been said to be one of the greatest blessings of life, and which certainly renders silent men most agreeable companions. Losing his wife when all his children were young, he devoted himself to their care and education. He was their counsellor, companion and friend, and he was the idol of the household. It used to seem as though there never was so happy a family.

John Albion, the eldest of two sons, entered Bowdoin College at an early age. He took no rank as a scholar and seemed to have not the slightest ambition for academical distinction; he had no part at Commencement. This rosy, chub-faced boy, genial, affectionate and popular, gave no in-

dications of future renown, nor of that ability, energy and breadth of view for which he is now so celebrated. He was not regarded as dull, very much the contrary; but he seemed to be indifferent to the ordinary routine of college honors—possessed of that happy temperament which enabled him then and for many years afterwards to pass quietly along without a touch of the carking cares and temptations that wait on the ambitious aspirations of the young as well as the old.

On coming to this city he entered the office of the late Henry H. Fuller, with whom he passed his whole novitiate. It always seemed to me that his character was much affected by contact with that somewhat remarkable and much misunderstood lawyer. Mr. Fuller was a man of most genial temperament, an excellent scholar (second in the class of which Edward Everett was first), of wide reading and extensive acquirements—a man who loved young men, and aided and assisted them in every way he could; and also of such marked peculiarities, of such wonderful crotchets and such heroic obstinacy, that he naturally and especially attracted and in some respects almost fascinated his pupil. The attraction was mutual; they became almost like brothers. The student sat at the same office table with the master, entered into all the business affairs, wrote letters from dictation, and they seemed, in fact, like one person. Mr. Fuller had an extensive acquaintance with all sorts of men. He knew the personal history of almost every citizen of the town, and of all public characters—living and dead. He had a decided opinion, which he never hesitated to pronounce on any suitable occasion. Mr. Andrew, with the curiosity of a young man fresh from the country, took this all in; but what is remarkable, while some of the peculiar traits of the master stuck to the pupil, the latter had decided opinions of his own, especially in regard to American slavery, which were sometimes in ludicrous contrast with those of his senior. Mr. Fuller was a conservative of conservatives. He stood by the ancient ways, even in the cut of his coat and the shape of his hat; his ruffled shirt, his white cravat and shirt-collar were significant of a past generation. Mr. Andrew soon became interested in many of the reform movements of the day, and was as firm and as peculiar in one direction as his friend was in another.

He did not rise rapidly at the bar. He became a faithful and painstaking lawyer, looking up his cases with great care and in-

dustry, and probably never lost a client who had once employed him. Here, too, he always seemed destitute of ambition—that is, in the ordinary meaning of the term. He did his duty and there was an end. It has been said that he was not a learned lawyer. Perhaps in one sense he was not; he certainly was not a legal pedant. There are men who study for the profession with great patience and perseverance and master in the outset its main principles, and so are thoroughly prepared, so far as books are concerned, for whatever may come. They are veterans almost before they have seen service. There are other men, who, from the force of circumstances or their mental characteristics, are not thoroughly read in the text-books and are obliged, after coming to the bar, to pick up their law as they need it—raw recruits who will become veterans by actual service, unless picked off in some battle at an early and unexpected stage of their practice. By studying their cases, investigating every collateral point, and going to the bottom of the matter, they are enabled to master the present difficulties, and in the course of time become able and even learned lawyers, but without the reputation of being so, from the fact of early deficiencies.

Mr. Andrew entered upon the investigation of his cases with great zeal and industry. No man at the bar ever studied harder. When he tried a cause he meant to gain it if he could. There was no sentimentalism here. He used any proper weapon he could find in the armory of the law; and he liked success even on the most technical points. He tried a case with courage, perseverance, spirit, and a dash of old-fashioned but manly temper. Those who have been associated with or opposed to him in the courts know very well that he was a dangerous opponent years before he had much reputation as a lawyer. Since his return to the bar he had entered upon a valuable and extensive practice; he already stood in the front rank of the profession.

In politics he was early an enthusiastic whig. He entered into the Harrison campaign with great zeal. He delighted to speak in the halls and school houses of the neighboring towns. In company with a friend—who enjoyed it about as much—he did a good deal of work in this way. He was greatly interested in the protective system and usually spoke in its defence, and had given the subject a great deal of attention. But he never sought any office, he never seemed to have the least desire for anything of the sort. When he became

fully interested in the anti-slavery movement, he was very radical in his views and strong in his remarks. But there was a singular absence of any personal bitterness. Towards individuals at the South he did not appear to have a particle of animosity. Indeed, he had much admiration for leading statesmen there, and it was sometimes trying to his old political friends to hear him speak in toleration and even in defence of Mr. Calhoun and other Southern leaders, in comparison with public men at the North, who pretended to oppose slavery and did nothing practically except to uphold it.

When nominated as Governor, there were many who voted for him with hesitation, in the fear that a man so radical, so firm and so outspoken, might be unsafe in action. His friends, whether agreeing with him or not, judged him better. They knew his practical sense and felt sure that whatever rhetorical expressions might have escaped his lips his action would be safe. Even they were disappointed, however, in the immense executive ability he displayed from the first hour he entered the State House until he left it. There was a simplicity and directness in his action as Chief Magistrate that was as remarkable as it was sometimes amusing. He never was deterred a moment by provincial conventionalisms from doing what he thought right, and in the way he deemed best. Formalism, or snobbery, or red tape, never stood in his way a moment. He was a keen observer, and understood all the proprieties of his position perfectly well. No one was likely to impose upon him by mere manner, and while he never intentionally gave offence, it was obvious that he understood the character of men very well, whatever might be their style or dress. He found no difficulty in discerning merit, although covered with rags, and even a black skin did not alarm him. Indeed, the adverse personal surroundings of men that usually operate against them had precisely the opposite effect on him; and he was sometimes grossly imposed upon by this very fact.

Of what he did as Governor of this Commonwealth it is entirely unnecessary to speak now and here. Nor has the time yet come when this great magistrate can be fully appreciated. His public acts are before the world; but how much he toiled and suffered; with what intensity he felt the difficulties of the situation; how entirely he devoted himself to the duties of his position, are only known, in all the length and breadth, to a few. Not long since he emphatically denied that he had ever signed a

paper of some personal importance, or had even seen it. When his signature was produced he quietly remarked that, while Governor, he was so completely absorbed in the duties of the position that he entirely forgot himself, and was hardly conscious of any acts that merely affected him personally.

This remarkable man was able, clear, of great executive ability, but his extraordinary power was, after all, in his character. He was thoroughly sincere — of what Milton calls a *square and constant mind*. Whatever might be his peculiar views or methods, every one felt that he was unselfish and thoroughly in earnest. His personal qualities were most attractive. Those who admired him at a distance loved him on acquaintance. It is impossible for persons who did not know him intimately to appreciate or even to understand the personal magnetism of our departed associate. His respectful deference towards the sex was conspicuous; his love of children intense, and there was such entire simplicity, unpretending geniality, united with fun and drollery, as to attract everybody to him. One of the most tender and touching letters about his death is by a school-boy. Everywhere and at all times he was welcome. He was fond of music, and, although having no scientific knowledge, he had a good voice and sang with great spirit especially in the old ballads and hymns. It was worth a journey to hear him in Coronation or Dundee, Tamworth or Old Hundred. He was an excellent reader and was always willing to delight the circle by a repetition of old ballads, or the reading of poems and especially Gray's Elegy.

A mimic, too, of considerable power. On one occasion a room full of country representatives were greatly astonished by his exercise of this talent and especially to hear the Governor describe the style of preaching sometimes heard in remote districts in Maine, and by his effective repetition of a ranting discourse which he had listened to forty years before.

He was full of wit and anecdote — brimful. Not merely of the sort which is found in books and newspapers, or which floats in polite society. For he was country bred. He had been at the village school and the academy. In stores and taverns, in stage-coaches and among the laborers of the cornfield and in haying time — he had heard the Yankee dialect, with all its wit and humor, and he never forgot anything, especially if it were droll. In his knowledge and appreciation of New England character, of the town system and of the

laws affecting municipal corporations, he greatly resembled the late Chief-Justice Shaw.

He was emphatically a religious man. Soon after his admission to the bar he joined a church in this city, and was an active member of it till his death. Profoundly impressed and influenced by the Christian system, he used to study the Bible, and particularly portions of the New Testament, critically. A quarter of a century ago, as he was returning in the night with a friend from a political meeting in the country, he spoke at length on the subject of prayer and expressed most earnestly his happiness in laying all his difficulties and perplexities even in minute detail, before the Father of All, and of the benign influence on his own character of such a course.

During his whole public career, indeed, during his whole life, he was deeply interested in all philanthropic measures. His first public speech, at the age of fifteen years, was in favor of temperance. He maintained that the principles of temperance ought to be adopted by the young and then they would retain their hold through life. His whole life was an illustration of his own early theory. The poor, the wretched, the sick, even the vile, never had a better friend; and no man, worthy or unworthy, was denied a hearing or earnest sympathy.

Mr. Chairman: It seems mysterious that a man so useful and able, one from whom so much was expected, and who we now feel was so necessary for the country should be removed by death. It is but a few days since we assembled here to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had been the leader of our bar. He had long retired from practice and had passed the period ordinarily assigned to the life of man. However much we sorrowed at his death, no one could wish him back. But here is a man in the very prime of life, as much short of the grand climacteric as Mr. Loring was beyond it. So many years before him and so much to do!

But it is taking a narrow view of human affairs to doubt the ways of Providence even in this moment of grief. Our friend and associate could never have died at a more fortunate time for himself. His work had been done, and it was well done. He had fought the good fight; his character was full, well rounded, complete. He never could have made a greater or a better reputation. Let us be thankful when any really great man died before he is slandered by ungrateful friends. Let us rejoice that he has not met the fate of so many eminent

statesmen; that he outlived calumny and abuse, and passed away when all men — all decent men — bow their heads in sorrow and respect.

And so they have laid our friend and associate away, and we shall see him no more in these tabernacles of flesh. But the autumn leaves cover no more distinguished grave — none that will be more sought for and visited in the coming years.

— “No pain nor mortal woes
Shall reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.”

From the Spectator, Nov. 9.

THE FALL OF ITALY.

THERE are few English Liberals, we hope, who can read the news of this week from Italy without a sensation of almost personal shame. The cause which, almost alone among Continental causes, has roused them to enthusiasm, and the King whom, almost alone among kings, they have heartily supported, have alike broken down. A miserable intrigue has ended in a yet more miserable retreat. It seemed for a moment last week as if the King, ashamed at once of Rattazzi's intrigues and his own half-hearted concessions to France, had resolved to repair all previous errors by a manly and national course of action. His great opportunity, an opportunity such as has never been given to a European Sovereign, had indeed been suffered to glide away. Had Victor Emanuel, on receiving Napoleon's threat, assured the Emperor that he would occupy Rome for the time, not as master, but as Protector, but that if a French soldier landed he would instantly proclaim the Republic, not an ironclad would have sailed. Napoleon dared not have risked the effect of such an example to his own discontented people. The French soldiers, however, landed without resistance, and General Menabrea, in a despatch not without simple dignity, announced that the Convention was binding equally on both Powers, that to assert their equality the Italian troops had crossed the frontiers into the Papal States, and that Italy expected France to recognize the movement as one due to her own dignity and independence. At the same time, in an unsigned manifesto to his people, published in the *Moniteur* of

Florence, the King announced that General Garibaldi would aid the national army. This policy, although tardy and indecisive, was still intelligible and consistent, but Napoleon was resolved that Italy should be exhibited to the world in the attitude of a dependant. The semi-official papers were instructed to reject the idea of a double occupation, the French General received orders to attack Garibaldi with the bayonet, and the King was informed, not indeed through an ultimatum, but quite unmistakably, that he must withdraw his troops under penalty of their expulsion by French arms. To show, as it were, that this was no mere menace, the Papal Zouaves, most of whom are Frenchmen, aided by General Polhes and a regular French brigade armed with the Chassepot rifle, attacked Garibaldi in his position on Monte Rotondo. We believe, though we do not absolutely know, that the numbers of the attacking force have been overrated; that the Zouaves were not above 4,000, and the Polhes brigade above 5,000 strong; but still Garibaldi had but 8,000 men, no breech-loaders, no cavalry, and only two guns. The Red Shirts fought as they always have done in Garibaldi's presence, with desperate resolution, but the terrible rifle did its work, and with one-half their number killed, wounded, or prisoners, they broke at last, and retreated on the Royal troops. Then was the moment for the King. Arresting Garibaldi as guilty of declaring private war, he should have announced the Convention at an end, and himself the agent of the national will, and moved forward rapidly on Rome, with all Italy pouring to his camp. Instead of this, he arrested Garibaldi, disarmed the Red Shirts—who had been tempted to ruin by his own Government—and meekly retired beyond the frontier, leaving Napoleon, the other party to the Convention, unquestioned master of Rome. Of Victor Emanuel's personal courage there has never been a doubt, of his kingly pride he has given but too many proofs, but in the supreme hour for his country he quailed before a political danger, and laid her openly, visibly prostrate before the feet of the stranger. The motive of his conduct matters little; whether influenced by devotion, or by hereditary dread of France, or, as we should judge, by that strange want of imagination which forbids the Royal caste ever to perceive the strength that lies in national enthusiasm, the House of Savoy has failed—failed as utterly as if it had been Stuart or Bourbon, with no claim to reign except a pedigree and some oil.

Victor Emanuel has suffered Italian troops on their own soil, to retire at the bidding of an invader, without striking a blow, and in so doing has done more in an hour to make hereditary monarchy impossible in Italy than Mazzini has done in twenty years of unceasing revolt. The Italians will never forget that in her hour of danger, with the foreigner on her soil, with France dictating the movements of her troops, Italy found that instead of a leader, a chief, a foremost man, she had only a King.

But, say some among us, Victor Emanuel was right. He had to choose between his honour and his country, and he made the less selfish and the nobler choice. France would have broken up Italy, and though in retiring the King has risked his throne, he has preserved the unity of the land. He has not. The unity of Italy is impossible without Rome, hopeless while France can at forty-eight hours' notice land an unresisted army in the centre of her territory, absurd while her troops are compelled to obey a foreign behest. The result of his haughty policy has encouraged the Emperor Napoleon, until his parasites in the press are declaring openly that Italy shall never be united, that the Pope shall be guaranteed by France, Austria, and Spain in perpetual possession of Rome. We are told that the Army is out of order; but whose fault is that but the King's?—disheartened; but who led at Custoza?—armed with antique weapons; but who failed to provide more modern arms? It is the daring of statesmen which makes soldiers brave, not the number of shots they can fire per minute. Garibaldi had no breech-loaders, but suppose two hundred thousand Red Shirts had fought like his soldiers around their King. How many Chassepots had Juarez? Had the die but been thrown, Bismarck must have moved at last; and if Italy cannot, for the sake of her national existence, sustain war for a month, what is Italy once more but a "geographical expression?" We shall be told that the Italians would not have risen, that they have not in them the spirit which could justify an appeal to revolutionary energy, that the King might have called in vain; but who, then, were they who died at Mentana, resisting hopeless odds? Could Englishmen have done more? and supposing Italy English, would the *Telegraph* have pronounced resistance hopeless? We believe it would have succeeded; that Garibaldi could have raised the South, and Victor Emanuel the North, and that the

nation would have been welded in the war, as in a furnace, into one; but admit that we are over-sanguine, that Italians are less persistent than Spaniards, worse led than Mexicans, more disorganized than Frenchmen before Valmy; admit, in fact, defeat, and what would have been the result? A peace which would have left Italy, perhaps, without Sardinia, but have left her also a nation defeated with difficulty and cost by the first army in the world. As it is, the Italians are a nation defeated — by no fault of their own — by a despatch. If in the combinations of the future they attack Napoleon, the world will say that Italy fights best behind the German shield; if they join him, that the Emperor has taught her to recognize her position as a dependant.

It is very useless to speculate on the future when it depends on the will of one man who does not hesitate to undo his own work, who, for aught the world knows, may attribute the ill luck of the last two years to the influence of the Papacy in heaven, and who has already set at naught every prediction based upon his character, his interest, and his career, but the balance of uncertain probabilities suggests some course of action like this. The Emperor of the French will retire from Rome for the present, but not from Civita Vecchia, which he keeps in order to paralyze Italy; will supply funds for the maintenance of a nominally Papal force, and will endeavour to induce other powers to share his responsibility. Much time will be lost in an attempt to secure a general Congress, which will fail, because the actual rule of mankind is not in Catholic hands; and much more in endeavouring to assemble a Catholic Congress, which will also fail, because the Catholics must consider the Pope, and his Holiness will be content with nothing short of the restitution of "the rights of St. Peter." Meanwhile, Rome will endure, and the Italians will wait, until Pio Nono dies, when his successor will probably prove just as intractable and courageous. This, we say, is the balance of probabilities, but almost anything, a revolt in Florence, an *émeute* in Lyons, a movement in South Germany, the death of Victor Emanuel, or that of Napoleon himself, may alter the whole course of history. All that is certain is that Napoleon has no intention of surrendering the hall key to the Italian house, that Italy has been bitterly humiliated by her firmest ally, that the Italian dynasty is unequal to the situation, and that England takes no more part in the grand

controversy which is to decide the future of a nation and the position of a world-wide creed, than if she had sunk to the position of Holland or Norway.

From the Saturday Review, Nov. 9.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNERS.

THREE complimentary dinners within as many days seem to show that the era of silver teapots has passed away, to be succeeded by an era of banquets and toasts. Ten years since, the departure of Dr. Macleod for India would assuredly have been commemorated by a teapot; and Mr. Trollope's family would have been presented with a full-length portrait in oils of its eminent chief; while Mr. Dickens might have had as many silver services and portraits as his sideboards and his walls could contain. All this has changed. To nobody above the lowly rank of a curate is a teapot ever presented in our day. But the spirit of combined fussiness and reverence manifests itself in other forms, on the undeniable practical principle of Satan always finding some mischief for idle hands to do. The eminent man may escape his teapot; but he cannot hope to miss the complimentary banquet. Indeed, to go a long way from home, either to the extreme East or to the extreme West, must in time grow to be an indirect test of a man's position. No man may be called illustrious until he has gone either to India, like Dr. Macleod, or to America, like Mr. Dickens, and thus stimulated his friends to give him a dinner. The thirst for glory will be measured by his hunger for a banquet in Great Queen Street. The Freemasons' Tavern is rapidly becoming the only genuine Temple of Fame. Banquets to successful *littérateurs* are coming as thick as blackberries, and they possess a great many peculiar advantages over the old way of testifying respect and admiration. They are cheaper, to begin with. Nobody gives more than his neighbour; and men who would have felt bound to put down their ten or twenty pound note for a teapot, or a purse, or a portrait, can now win equal renown at the more moderate cost of one guinea. Then, again, you do not altogether lose sight even of this small sum. Plate is unsocial. The subscribers cannot get any personal fun and enjoyment out of the teapot. The hero of

the hour carries it away in a bag of green baize, and for the persons who have paid for it this is an end of the transaction. A dinner, on the contrary, is thoroughly and emphatically social. We give our divine or novelist a dinner; but then, in this very act, we also invite ourselves to help him to eat it. In giving him a dinner, we give ourselves one at the same time; and as there are many persons who really like taking their food in the glare of a thousand jets of gas, amid a dreadful din and bustle and hubbub, this is somewhat of an argument for them at least. Other persons, or perhaps the same persons, are also cast in so mysterious a mould as to be willing to endure an endless quantity of speech-making from others, on the bare hazard of getting a chance of making a speech of their own. In the old teapot scheme, there was no room for gratifying more than one man with a taste for oratory, or at most two. The astounding institution of a score of toasts had no place in one of those more primitive ceremonies. Hence there were a score fewer speeches to be made, and perhaps three or four score more of disappointed men. It is true that against this must be set the fact that the majority of men, who know by painful experience the stammering imbecility and fatuousness of nine English speakers out of ten, have a strong interest in suppressing oratory. But these are the silent and peaceful many, here, as ever, led by the blatant and fussy few, who divide the speechifying among themselves, and fondly believe that their victims like and admire it. They are not wholly wrong. Wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together, under any shadow of formal pretext, there is sure to be a certain feeling that the proceedings would be imperfect without a measure of solemn oratorical shuffling and mumbling. It is possible that there were some people present at the dinner to Mr. Dickens who would have felt that they had not had the full worth of their guinea, nor risen to the full significance of the rite, if there had not been, besides meats and wines, a full allowance of tumid and second-rate oratory into the bargain. To a sensible man, this may seem extremely funny and incredible; but then so do a great many other things which we are still constrained to admit as actually existing. How anybody who could dine peaceably and meditatively at home or at his club on a piece of meat and a pint of wine, should yet prefer to eat mediocre mixtures in a noisy crowd with a cento of wearisome and, in the main, meaningless speeches to follow,

must remain a mystery. That men do entertain this preference is also likely to remain a fact. From the reports of the speeches made at the three complimentary dinners of last week, it seems, that, on each occasion, the Chairman and the hero of the evening contrived to steer clear of sheer non-sense and vacuity. But for the rest, don't let us reason about them; listen and look, and pass on as swiftly as may be.

It must be a serious nuisance, even to a vain man, to have to pay the penalty of a banquet, if he should venture to give up his employment, like Mr. Trollope, or to make a journey, like Dr. Macleod and Mr. Dickens. The fat and steaming adulation which is so common on these occasions—indeed for the sake of which, to a certain extent, they are got up—cannot be particularly pleasant even to men who enjoy their reputation. To have praises poured over him and down his back, which would be almost hyperbolic if applied to Shakespeare himself, must make a straightforward man, with some knowledge of himself and his powers, ready to shiver. The moderate-sized mortal perched on a pedestal lofty enough for Jupiter or Apollo must have honest qualms and misgivings. To be made into a Phaëthon against his will, and to be forced to course through the heavens, is a grievous fate for him, unless he be forgetful enough or ignorant enough of his own powers to believe, in the intoxication of the hour, that his adulators are doing no more than giving him his due. As a rule, we suspect these affairs afford much more pleasure to small men than to the big man. They are placed in an unusually fine and exalted position. They become the patrons, and therefore the more than equals, of the hero of their evening. The deep gratitude which is always so ostentatiously paraded by the guest is by them taken quite in earnest. They humbly persuade themselves that they have somehow placed the great author under an obligation; that they deserve very well of him; that, if he has written delightful novels, they, in turn, have provided for him a delightful treat of food and oratory. It is curious to think how many worthy men there are to whom to come into contact with persons of eminence even in this remote way is gratifying and elevating beyond description—to whom it is really a thing to be much thought of that they should have come under the bodily eye of Lord Lytton or Mr. Dickens, and perhaps, in the expansion of the hour of parting, should have seized the hand that wrote *Pickwick* or *Pelham*. This makes them actual friends, or at

least acquaintances, of the great man, — after a fashion. The contagion of glory is a wonderful force in all these affairs. For some very plain man, with a name absolutely and forever unknown beyond the limits of a very narrow private circle, to find that name blazoned in the public prints in company with peers and judges and poets, is to cease to be obscure. A ray or two from the divine halo which glitters round the head of the Chairman and the illustrious guest lights up even the humblest and most obscure of the stewards. To pay one's shot for dining with eminent literary personages is to receive some breath or two of the divine literary afflatus. Who dines with literary men must needs himself be literary; and to have a reputation for being this, especially in very rural and very commercial circles, is to have a right to lay down critical laws to one's neighbours.

The people who insist on finding good in everything may urge that, after all, this extraordinary system of banqueting is a mark of reverence and gratitude for great genius and worth, on the part of the obscurities who crowd to dinners and reflected glory. Perhaps so. And to the veneration and thankfulness we can make no objection. On the contrary, his capacity for these profound emotions is one of the noblest parts of man's nature. It is the form assumed by the sublime sentiments against which it will very soon be high time for plain folk to protest. What is the hidden link which connects veneration with dining? Why, because I like to read skilful compilations of love-letters and ingenious analyses of the more complex phenomena of flirting, should I testify my esteem and love for the writer who can tread this lofty ground with such courage and success by going to eat my dinner in his society in a hot room with a great deal of gas, atmospheric and oratorical? The only answer is, that at least this is no more unreasonable than the ancient practice of presenting him with an utterly superfluous piece of plate. We might just as well have asked why the gracefulness of Mr. Trollope's love-letters, or the vigour and fertility of Mr. Dickens's genius for caricature, or the success with which Dr. Macleod has sown liberal seed in an illiberal land, should have been rewarded with a teapot or an inkstand for which they could have no sort of use. This, however, is the test of all these celebrations. To introduce any consideration of utility is to exhibit a base insensibility to the gushing emotions of the hour. Your goodwill is to be nicely measured by the entire preposter-

ousness of the form in which you clothe it. If you would dine *tête-à-tête* or in a party of four with the idol, the ceremony would be pleasant and intelligible. But fortunately nothing can be thought of more absurd than the notion of dining with the idol in the company of three hundred other persons. We often laugh at the American custom of serenading a political hero until he consents to come out upon the balcony and make a speech. Is our own practice of dragging the literary hero to Willis's Rooms, and there making him speak, a whit more rational?

DEATH OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

OUR sheet of this day has the sad duty of recording the death of Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet, last night, at his residence in Guilford, Connecticut, at the age of seventy-two years.

Mr. Halleck was born in Guilford, Connecticut, in 1795. His mother was an Elliot, and a descendant of John Elliot, "the apostle to the Indians." Mr. Halleck came to New York in 1818, and entered the mercantile house of Jacob Barker, in whose employment he remained for many years. Afterwards he was in the service of John Jacob Astor, by whom he was nominated one of the trustees of the Astor Library. Since 1849 Mr. Halleck has lived in his native place, retired from business.

Mr. Halleck began to write verses in his boyhood. The earliest piece which he thought worthy to appear in his collected poems, the lines to "Twilight," appeared in the *Evening Post* so long ago as 1818; and the "Croaker" papers, by Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake, appeared in our journal the following summer. "Fanny," his longest poem, was written in 1819. In 1822-23 he visited Europe, and in 1827 published an edition of his poems. Several editions have appeared since.

Mr. Halleck was by no means a voluminous author, but the poems he wrote have long been favorites with the public. He possessed a peculiar vein of humor, exceedingly airy and graceful, and his versification is one of uncommon sweetness and melody. He delighted in rapid transitions from gay to grave, and again in unexpected returns from the grave to the ludicrous. Yet when the mood was on him he was capable of strains inspired with the highest poetic enthusiasm. There is not in the language a

finer martial poem than his Marco Bozzaris. His verses addressed to a poet's daughter are as charming as such verses could well be, and his Red Jacket—a poem occasioned by the death of the Indian chief of that name—is, aside from the touches of his characteristic humor which it contains, a poem of robust and manly vigor, worthy to be placed beside anything of its kind in our literature.

Mr. Halleck was personally a most agreeable man, and one of the pleasantest companions in the world. He was an unwearied reader, and used to say that he could think of no more pleasant life than would be afforded by a large library and abundant leisure. He was acquainted with several modern languages. He studied Portuguese that he might read Camoens in the original, whose "Lusiad" has lost all of its simplicity and much of its narrative interest in Mickle's diffuse translation. His conversation was entertaining, pointed to a degree which made it almost epigrammatic, and enlivened with anecdotes, which he related with a conciseness and spirit that would have satisfied even Samuel Rogers.

N. Y. Evening Post.

STRAYED FROM THE FLOCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"401. — 'Strayed from the Flock.' — B. RIVIERE.

'I call the effects of Nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is. Nature is not at variance with Art, nor Art with Nature, they being both servants of His providence.' — SIR T. BROWNE's *Religio Medici*. — *Extract from the R. A. Catalogue for 1867, and motto of the same.*

The wind goes sobbing

Over the moor;

Far is the fold, and shut its door;
White and still — beyond terror or shock,
Lies the foolish lamb that strayed from the flock:
While overhead, from his frozen branch,
With a tender pity, true and staunch,

Thus sings the robin:

"The wind howls, heavy

With death and sorrow;

To-day it is thee — may be me to-morrow:
Yet I'll sing one tune o'er the silent wold,
For the little lamb that never grew old;
Never lived long winters to see,
Chanting from empty boughs like me,
Boughs once so leafy.

The snow-flakes cover

The moorland dun;

My song tells feebly, but I sing on.

Why did God make me a brave bird-soul,
Under warm feathers, red as a coal,
To keep my life thus cheery and bright,
To the very last twinkle of wintry light —
While thine is all over?

Why was I given

Bold strong wings,

To bear me away from hurtful things,
While thy poor feet were so tender and weakly,
And thy faint heart gave up all so meekly;
Till it yielded at length to a still, safe Hand,
That bade thee lie down, nor try to stand?
Was it Hand of Heaven?

The wind goes sobbing" —

(Thus sang the bird;

Or else in a dream his voice I heard:)

"Nothing I know, and nothing can;

Wisdom is not for me, but man.

Yet Some snow-pure, snow-soft — not snow-cold,

May be singing o'er the lamb strayed from the fold,

Besides poor Robin." — *Good Words.*

A DINNER was given this day week to Mr. Dickens, on his departure for a visit to the United States, at the Freemasons' Tavern, between three and four hundred persons being present, and Lord Lytton in the chair. The chief feature of the evening was the extravagant flattery which the principal speakers lavished upon each other, in a style, as somebody says, "more like a funeral sermon than truth." Lord Lytton said that Mr. Dickens wielded a royal sceptre over the hearts of men, and that "humanity obeys an irresistible instinct when it renders homage to one who refines it by tears which never enfeeble, and gladdens it by a laughter that never degrades." The last is as strictly true of Mr. Dickens as the former is false. His pathos is rarely anything but sentimental, and usually even effeminate. Mr. Dickens himself illustrated this when he ended his speech of thanks by quoting the sentimental little sentiment from Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one." Then the Lord Chief Justice extolled Lord Lytton, "the poet, novelist, dramatist, thinker, critic, philosopher," and spoke of him as contributing to "the enjoyment, edification, and instruction of the intellectual world in all these departments." Enjoyment is a matter of taste; and no doubt there is plenty of clever writing in Lord Lytton to enjoy; but we forget which of Lord Lytton's books are instructive and edifying. Then Lord Lytton praised "those remarkable talents which first became the admiration of our Parliament, and now reflect lustre on our Bench;" and so it went on. Do clever and able men enjoy themselves the more at these festivities for all this coarse eulogy? We confess it seems to us in odious taste. — *Spec-tator.*